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SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1958.

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THE FAMOUS COMFORT
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HONGKONG & KOWLOON

COMMENT OF THE DAY

Shek Pik

THE news that the proposed reservoir at Shek Pik in Lantau is considered by the investigating engineers to be a practical proposition will be received with widespread relief and welcome, tempered perhaps by the knowledge that this difficult and imaginative scheme will still not solve the Colony's water problems for all time. Yet the disclosure that Government hopes to start work on the project as soon as possible is evidence of its determination to press on with all speed with its plans to give the Colony the water it needs.

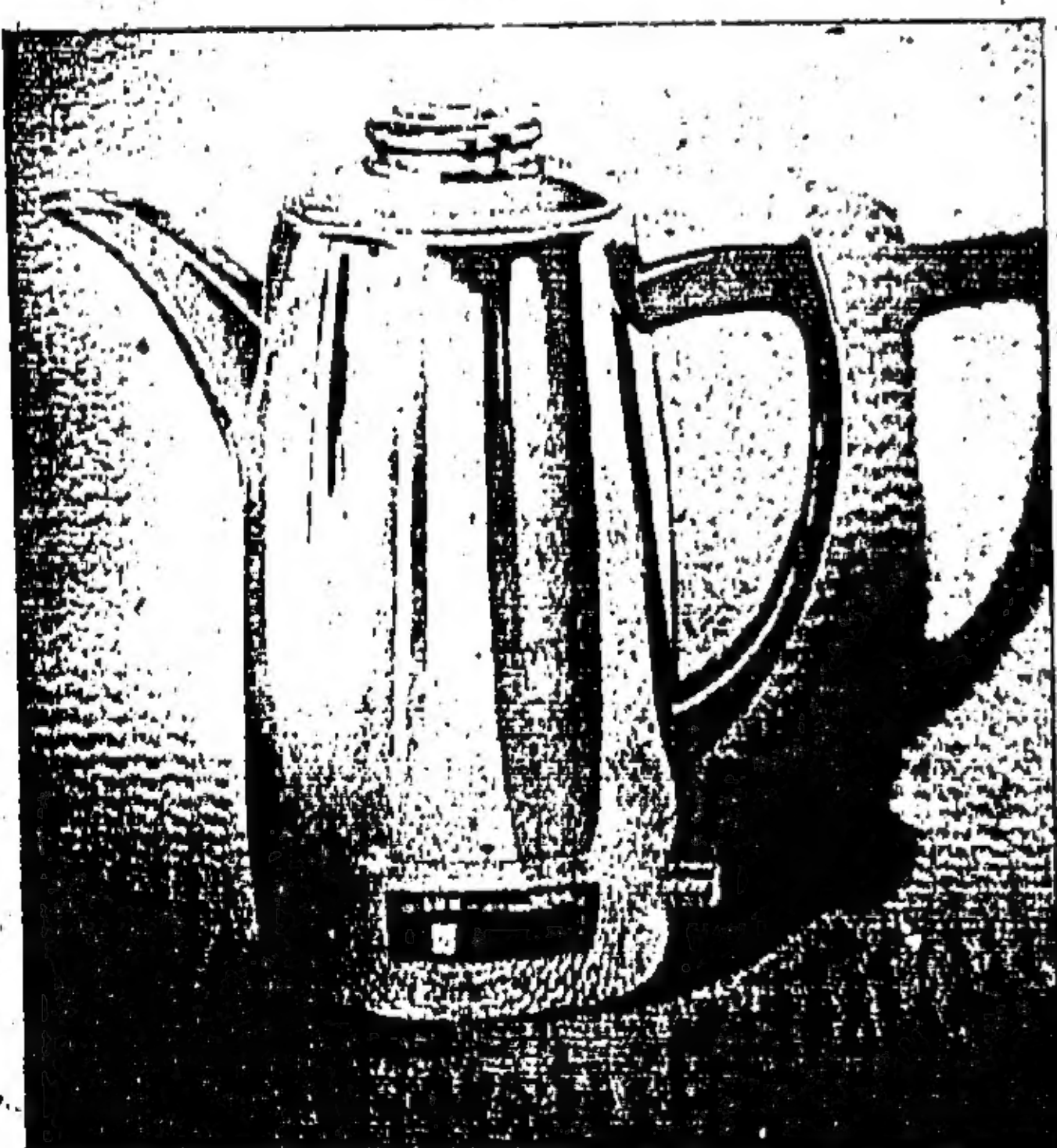
Leapfrogging demands are indeed forcing our planners to look beyond Shek Pik, but for the immediate future the new reservoir takes into account the needs of our rapidly increasing population and industrial development. It also promises to make the island independent of the present mainland water supply and it is also likely that the peninsula will benefit from this new source of water as well.

Keeping Pace

SHEK Pik's capacity will be roughly the same as Tai Lam Chung—or about 4,600 million gallons. Including Tai Lam Chung, the Colony's reservoirs at present have a total capacity of 10.5 thousand million gallons. Thus Shek Pik will increase this supply almost by half. The Colony cannot expect to benefit from this project until well into the 1960s—Tai Lam Chung roughly five years to build. And by this time the new water will be urgently needed.

Government's task therefore seems to be to keep pace with demand until perhaps by some miraculous feat of engineering, means may be found of giving the Colony unlimited water. This prospect, however, seems remote, and the Colony must be meanwhile content with the policy that aims at providing the maximum reservoir capacity for the summer rain and run-off, to avoid shortfalls in the dry winter months.

S&C



This new coffee percolator by G.E.C. has been chosen by the Society of Industrial Artists to represent outstanding British design in a special exhibition of International Industrial Design at this year's Foire de Paris. The 600W chromium-plated coffee percolator is a 1½ pint capacity with high and low heat control also giving protection against boiling dry.

Sole Agents: Shearman & Sterling, Messrs. Aronson & Co., Ltd.

CHINESE GENERAL'S SON GOES TO GAOL

New York, June 27. Unemployed engineer, Shim S. Long, son of a Chinese general and former warlord who went over to the Communist side, today chose to go to prison rather than be deported from the United States.

Long, who is 28, was sentenced to 205 days in prison for failure to pay the fines of 41 traffic violations accumulated since 1954.

Although Long, who says he has a visitor visa from the Belgian authorities, claims to have tried everything to have himself deported, without success, the immigration authorities said that instead, he had acted legally so as to avoid deportation.

In fact, when the judge in Long's unusual traffic case gave him a choice between deportation and prison, today Long chose the prison.

Traffic violations are a habit with the young engineer. In 1954, the earliest date of the present list of infractions, Long paid \$635 in fines for the 53 violations he had scored up to that time.—France-Press.

Gainsborough For 21,000 Guineas

London, June 27. A painting by Gainsborough of William Henry, Duke of Gloucester, belonging to Lord Woldegrave, was sold at Christie's today for 21,000 guineas to an unknown buyer. There had been rumours that the purchaser was the Queen, who visited the auction rooms privately two days ago, but the buyer's representative announced that he only bought the picture to prevent it leaving the United Kingdom.—France-Press.

LANCASHIRE TEXTILE INDUSTRY FEARS SPUN RAYON IMPORTS 'NEW THREAT' FROM HONGKONG

Association Told 'We Can No Longer Stand And Cheer'

Manchester, June 27.

News of a new threat to the Lancashire textile industry was given by Mr Stanley Mason, the new chairman of the Rayon Weaving Association, to the annual meeting today.

Hongkong was turning to the production of spun rayon, and over a million and a half yards had been imported for processing and re-export during the last six months at prices which made it only a matter of time before those fabrics were imported for use in the home market, if nothing was done to stop it.

Serious Floods In Southern England

London, June 27. Serious floods have struck parts of southern England after 14 hours of uninterrupted rain.

At Haverhill, Suffolk, 40 people were trapped in the upper storeys of their houses after the river Stour overflowed its banks and flooded the streets of the town.

Several areas of the countryside were under water. In Hertfordshire, farmers were called to come to the aid of car drivers, and the occupants of cottages, cut off by the flood.

Road and rail services were interrupted and many children were unable to get to school. Serious damage has already been caused in southeast coast towns and several London suburban bus services have had to be cancelled.—France-Press.

British Diplomat Was Carrying Czech In Boot Of Car

But Foreign Office Says He Was Framed

London, June 27. The Foreign Office admitted tonight that Eric Paga Bedford, second secretary at the British Embassy in Prague, had tried to help a Czech citizen to cross the frontier into Germany.

A statement published by the Foreign Office said that Bedford had acted without informing his superiors. It added that Bedford had been the victim of a "deliberate frame-up" on the part of the Czech authorities and that following the incident, he had resigned from the Foreign Office.

"It is clear that this was a deliberate frame-up on the part of the Czech authorities. There can otherwise be no explanation of the fact that when Mr Bedford's car was stopped at the frontier post, the man (Machacek) who was concealed in the boot, immediately made loud noises designed to attract attention.

"When he was discovered by the Czech frontier guards, he showed no sign of fright or distress. Mr Bedford has throughout denied that he undertook this operation for money as the Czech authorities allege."

France-Press.

BIG PURGE REPORTED IN SATELLITES: 50 GO

By FRANZ CYRUS

Vienna, June 27.

At least 50 high ranking Communist Party functionaries in the Kremlin's Eastern European satellite empire were ousted from their jobs recently in what experts described today as a major purge of Marshal Tito's sympathisers.

The sources said that the purges were carried out shortly before and after the visit of the Soviet Premier Khrushchev to Communist Bulgaria.

Official announcements of the purges were made in Communist Bulgaria and Rumania while the personnel changes in Czechoslovakia were made public by the regime as "new elections" by the party apparatus during last week's Communist Party Congress.

Second Purge

Today Bucharest Radio announced the second wave of leading party functionaries within two weeks.

It said that Constantine Ducea and Iacob Cotoveanu, both Central Committee members, were dropped and expelled from the Party.

Two weeks ago, prominent Rumanian party functionary Lyuba Chisnaveanu was eliminated from her post as deputy chairman of the Party Control Commission.

In Bulgaria, after Khrushchev's visit, the following party officials lost their jobs:

Makarios Piqued

Athens, June 27. Archbishop Makarios today withdrew his representative from the Lambeth Conference opening next month following critical references to him by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Dr Fisher described Archbishop Makarios as "a bad character" in a television interview on Wednesday night.—Reuter.

Army general Peter Pentchev, Politbureau Member and Defence Minister, and Vulko Tchevrenkov, Minister of Education and Culture.

Opposition

Khrushchev made his unexpected trip to Bulgaria as the result of an alarming report that Moscow's new sharp terms against Yugoslavia had met strong opposition within the Bulgarian party.

Experts said, it is difficult to analyse the personnel changes in the Czech Communist Party, because the time of the purges cannot be determined exactly.

The heavy turnover, they said, indicated that even in the Kremlin's most faithful satellite Communist party—Czechoslovakia—the need of a major change of personnel has emerged, most probably as a result of some opposition against the orthodox Stalinist Czech Communist Party policy. The most prominent central committee members ousted were former Czech Army Chief of Staff Lt.-Gen. Václav Kreschvil and former Chief Army political officer Major-General Jan Zeman.—U.P.I.

'Bloodshed Will Continue'

United Nations, June 27. Dr Bela Fabian, Chairman of the Federation of Hungarian Former Political Prisoners, said today that unless the

Rebel Claim In Lebanon

Beirut, June 27. There was more heavy firing for one hour before sunset in Central Beirut tonight. There was a lull at sunset, but occasional single shots could still be heard.

Lebanese insurgents claimed tonight to hold three-quarters of the country and command the support of three-quarters of the people.

The claim was made by the National Union Front, the political organisation behind the insurrection.

Mr Fuad Ammoun, formerly director of the Lebanese Foreign Ministry, told a press conference: "Six of the country's eight political parties are against the present regime. So are all the former Prime Ministers, all the former speakers of parliament, all the religious leaders."

FIGHT OVER A SHILLING: MAN GAOLED FOR 3 YEARS

London, June 27. A 39-year-old engineer was gaOLED for three years today for the manslaughter of a fellow lodger who was killed in a fight over who should put a shilling in an electric light meter.

A jury at the Old Bailey Central Criminal Court found Joekine Gerard de Souza not guilty of murdering Blasco Walter Haynes with a steel rod but guilty of manslaughter.

In evidence today de Souza said he quarrelled with Haynes in a public house on April 18. De Souza went home and was about to put a shilling in the meter when Haynes entered his room.

The argument began again and they started fighting in the dark.

"The fighting moved into Haynes's room and we both fell on the floor," de Souza said.

"Haynes picked up a rod and caught me on the arm. I twisted his wrist and got the rod from him."

"I struck him three or four times with it. Haynes sat down and called out, 'Oh my head.' I thought I had just hurt him and went back to my room."

Nagy Execution A SILENT PROTEST REPORTED

Vienna, June 27. The Hungarian language newspaper Magyar Hirado published in Vienna reported today that a silent demonstration of protest was staged in a square in the centre of Szeged, south Hungary, following the execution of Imre Nagy.

The newspaper said people began arriving independently in the square wearing black armbands last Saturday. More and more arrived until there were about 1,200 people there. But without taking any notice of each other.

Later police arrived and most of the demonstrators dispersed or took off their black armbands. In the afternoon, the secret police arrested people believed to have organised the silent demonstration of grief at the executions.

About 80 people in danger of arrest were taken over the frontier into Yugoslavia in two lorries provided by the workers of the town of Szeged. The frontier guards did not stop them, the newspaper reported.—China Mail Special.

EUROPE

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ROME **DUSSELDORF**

GENEVA **PARIS**

* Flight every Sunday & Wednesday.
* SUPER-G CONSTITUTION Speed & Radio-compass.

AIR-INDIA

WILLIAMS & HUMBERT'S DRY SACK

The World Famous Sherry

SPAIN'S BEST

—the favorite Medium Dry Sherry in Spain—and of course over here

KING'S PRINCESS

TO-DAY



SEAN CONNERY JOSEPH KAUFMAN LEO ALLEN STANLEY HARRIS LEO GURFEL

KING'S

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOWS

At 11.00 a.m. Variety Programme of Universal-International Tech. Cartoons

At 12.00 noon Columbia presents Tyrone Power — Kim Novak in "THE EDDY DUCHIN STORY"

At Reduced Prices: \$1.00, \$1.50

PRINCESS

TO-DAY AT 12.30 P.M. SPECIAL MATINEE

Brigitte Bardot — Vittorio De Sica
Alberto Sordi — Gloria Swanson in
"NERO'S WEEK-END"

in CinemaScope & Technicolor

To-morrow at 11.00 a.m. M-G-M
"TOM & JERRY" Technicolor Cartoons
Variety ProgrammeTo-morrow at 12.30 p.m. 20th Century-Fox present
Joan Simmons — Guy Madison — Jean Pierre Aumont
in "HILDA CRANE"

in CinemaScope & Technicolor

Morning Show Admission: 70 Cts., \$1.00, \$1.50

AIR-CONDITIONED
STAR METROPOLE★ FINAL SHOWING TO-DAY ★
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

★ GRAND OPENING TO-MORROW ★

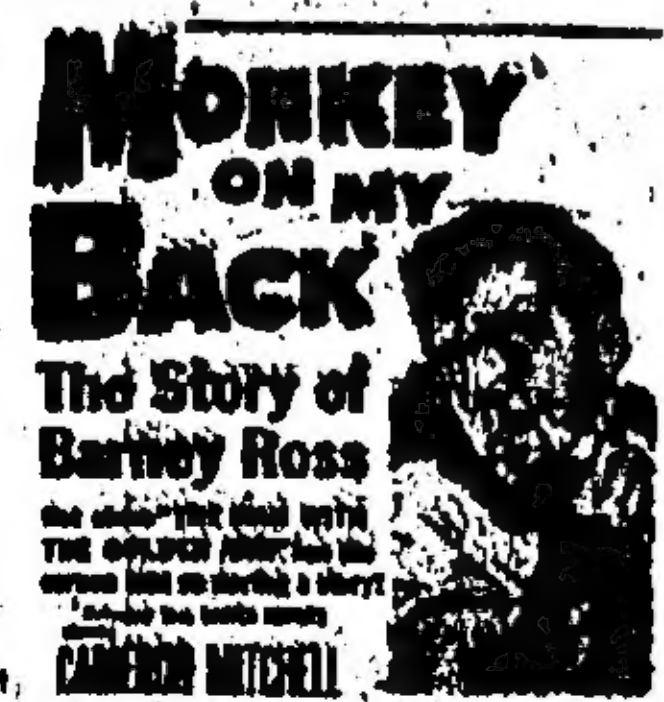
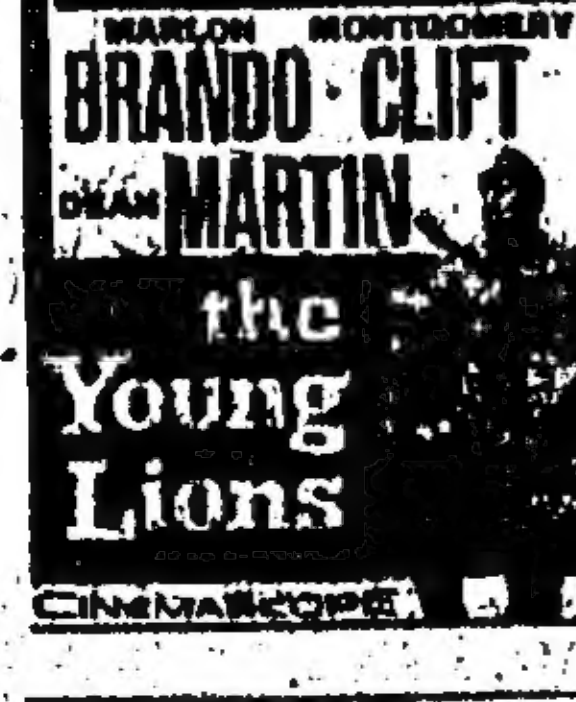


BOOKINGS NOW OPEN!

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW ★ AT REDUCED PRICES
STAR: At 11.00 a.m. METROPOLE: At 11.00 a.m.
3 STOOGES COMEDY & LATEST FOX
TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS TECHNICOLOR CARTOONSMETROPOLE: To-morrow Special Morning Show
At 12.30 p.m. Clifton Webb in
"THE MAN WHO NEVER WAS"

A Fox Picture in CinemaScope

ORIENTAL MAJESTIC

SHOWING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.Morning Show To-morrow 12.30
"THE GOLD RUSH"3 SHOWS TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.40 & 9.15 P.M.TO-MORROW 5 SHOWS
Special Time At 11.50 a.m.
"THE YOUNG LIONS"FILMS Current and Coming
by Lucy Downing

THE gripping realism and authenticity of the two British box-office successes, "Carve Her Name With Pride" and "The Silent Enemy" which were featured in this column last week, are not matched by the Paramount "Another Time, Another Place" film set in England in the war-weary days of 1945.

This new picture starring Lana Turner and showing at the King's and Princess, is hailed as "Lana's latest." The story is based upon Lenore Coffey's best-selling novel about love and marriage. There are the makings of an excellent film if casting adjustments and closer attention to detail had been effected.

This film was made in England and the opening suspenseful scenes of the dismantling of a V2 by a bomb disposal squad are gripping. But as tough men played and revealed in the vicinity of a terrifying warhead, which, at a touch, might blow the whole neighbourhood to smithereens, would-be-heroic newshounds arrive and argue their way to the front-line corridor.

The male and female of the species although dedicated to the breathless pursuit of hot news subsequently languish in irrelevant love scenes oblivious to their surroundings, easy in a rain-lashed utility van in the danger zone.

Lana Turner, lacquered and lovely as ever, as Sara Scott, well-paid New York newspaperwoman, chose her own leading man, Sean Connery to play Mark Trevor, famous B.B.C. war correspondent in the film story. This handsome newcomer, said to be a Scot, although he has a very Irish name, adopted a rather stilted and uncertain accent, at its best more Canadian than B.B.C.

Sara Scott, trying to preserve the cool aloof, wrapped-in-mink attitude, is sizzling with passion for the B.B.C. type and prepared to break her engagement with her all-powerful boss, Carter Reynolds.

She is shattered when Trevor tells her that he has a wife and a son, but throws all remnants of pride to the winds and pleads in vain to accompany him on a foreign mission.

Carter Reynolds, her fiancé, played with the refreshment of cold water after treacle tart by Barry Sullivan, can find no response in the smitten Sara and discovers the truth.

Mark is killed in an air crash, and Sara, working with British colleagues who have lost their sons and husbands, does not really comprehend sorrow until she is plunged into oracles of self-pity and the determination to assure herself that Mark loved only her.

After a mental collapse, despite Carter's solicitude and devotion, she avoids returning to New York and visits the delightful Cornish village where Mark had his home.

Here the film really becomes alive with the warmth and vibrant personality of Glynis Johns, as the well-adjusted widow Kay Trevor, devoting her life to her son. She is ready to share her sympathies and hospitality (despite the hard work and short rations), with the stricken and jealousy-ridden Sara, who collapses practically on her doorstep.

Brian Trevor, a lovable little fellow, played by Martin Stephens, is intrigued by the sophisticated stranger.

Sara struts around the Cornish cliffs and cobbled streets in spike-heeled shoes and 1950 fashions, while other women in the film wear utility clothing.

Obsessed with knowing all Mark's past, she invades his home and fights a duel for psychological possession of her dead love with the unspectacular, so trusting and vulnerable. Fortunately, a former colleague of Mark's who knew Sara in London and the faithful Carter from New York, arrive to take over.

The cruelty of truth like a knife-thrust, has to be used to help the two women in different ways to avert disaster for both.

★
"HIS trouble was, he was a gentleman in a world that had no further use for gentlemen." This is the epitaph spoken by a son whose father quietly drank himself to death after he had lost all the things he loved.

The father is Joe Chapin, the central figure in 20th Century Fox's "Ten North Frederick," brilliantly played by Gary Cooper.

"Ten North Frederick" is playing at the Roxy and Broadway this weekend. It is acclaimed greater than "Pylon Place" and stars also Suzy Parker, the British model who has made a "rocket-flight" to fame.

The film is based on John O'Hara's best-seller novel which dissects the disintegration of a personality, charming and not too cleverly humorous yet becoming involved.

The story opens with the funeral of a man who might have been President of the United States, and the hypocrisy of socially prominent personages who gathered to pay last respects, including ridiculous politicians.

With a flashback to a happier occasion when Joe was celebrating a birthday party, and people are gathered to do him a lively honour, the story unfolds with the family involvement, the desperation and dramatic disappointments occasioned by his daughter, his son, his defiant wife and a woman he loves.

★
THE epic story of the world as revealed by "Noah's Ark," an Associated Artists' spectacular production can be seen this weekend at the Lee and Astor.

Research into 30 versions of the Bible were made to ensure the faithful replicas of the Ark, the building of King Nebuchadnezzar's era, and the Temple of Japheth. The simple life of Noah, the patriarch, living with his wife, three sons, Japheth, Ham and Shem, and handmaiden Miriam Akkio, is sharply contrasted with the glittering evil of heathen rites celebrated in the city's Festival of Hadrasnar.

Noah's Divine message in words of fire around the devout family which causes the persecutions to flee in terror, but does not deter the animals converging upon the 600-foot structure.

ture from every direction on land and sea and from the air. Miriam has been captured by the soldiers of the King and she is to be sacrificed to the false gods. This time lightning strikes and Noah's blinded son is enabled to carry Miriam through the deluge towards the Ark before the gates are closed.

Show Business

By Logan Gourlay

One of the most powerful men in Hollywood today, executive producer Jerry Wald ("Peyton Place," "Picnic," "From Here to Eternity") had some potent advice for Jayne Mansfield.

She returned to London last week with Kenneth More from Spanish location work on "The Sheriff of Fractured Jaw."

Said Wald: "That Mansfield girl has gotta legitimise herself. She's gotta cut out the over-sensational publicity that has boosted her to stardom. Because, brother, that same publicity will boost her to oblivion, and quick!"

Without pausing for breath, the pudgy, 200-words-a-minute talker who doesn't smoke or drink — probably because it

would interfere with his machine-gun delivery—continued: "I'll tell you something. The film I produced with Mansfield, 'Picnic Then For Me' was a flop that I'd match with anybody. And Jayne's enormous over-playing, was partly to blame.

"But I'm not beating. No sir. Jayne pleaded with me not to let her play the role. I insisted, to my cost. So I have to take the rap. Yes sir.

"Mansfield knows the score. She is a sensible kid with a lot of acting potential. But she isn't a natural star. She's been manufactured in Hollywood's dream factory. And the mortality rate among manufactured stars is high.

"Pretty darned high."

★ ★ ★
Bald-headed Yul Brynner sympathized with Elvis Presley over having his long hair cut for the army. Presley replied: "I'm not worried. You seem to be doing all right."

★ ★ ★
Irish actor Dan O'Herlihy invested in a luxurious limousine at next-to-nothing cost in Hollywood. "A murder was committed in it," he admitted, "so nobody would buy it."

NEW FILMS AT A GLANCE

SHOWING

KING'S & PRINCESS: "Another Time, Another Place."

A starring vehicle for Lana Turner by Paramount, this absorbing story with splendid acting by Barry Sullivan and Glynis Johns, effectively contrasting war-torn London with quiet Cornish beauty spots. Lacquered Lana does not fit into the background of a London, battered by bus-bombs and her romantic interest, Sean Connery is not convincing as a B.B.C. war correspondent, who loves his wife and another woman. Perhaps no man is

LEE & ASTOR: "Noah's Ark." The story of the flood that destroyed the world. Spectacle directed by Michael Curtis, claimed to portray "a titanic chaos of water and mighty reproductions of Biblical settings, involving a cast of 10,000 and three years in the making." Warner Bros. Associated Artists.

ROXY & BROADWAY: "10 North Frederick." Gary Cooper, Diane Varsi and Suzy Parker acting in John O'Hara's best-selling story

about a man who wanted to be President of the United States, and who became involved with his daughter's room-mate and in his family's divorce problems. 20th Century Fox film directed by Philip Dunne and produced by Charles Brackett.

HOOVER & LIBERTY: "The Safe Cracker." Adventures of a scoundrel who could crack a safe or a woman's heart. Starring Ray Milland and Barry Jones. A David E. Ross production released by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Based on an action-thriller by Lt-Col Rhys Davies and Bruce Thomas.

METROPOLE & STAR: "The Big BOONIE." Errol Flynn deep in a dame-baited double-cross with Gloria and Rosanna Rony. Starring Pedro Armendariz as police chief. Background — many lovely locales in Havana and the Gulf of Mexico, United Artists.

QUEEN'S: "Asian Games." Full-length feature of the 3rd Asian Games in Tokyo in CinemaScope and with English commentary.

COMING

METROPOLE & STAR: "The Bachelor Party." Terribly realistic revelation of what can happen after a stag party, by the men who made "Marty." At the end of a carousing pub-drawl the maudlin but pathetic inner fears of each man are exposed. One clearing brain reaches a truer assessment of life's values and returns home with mental composure. Convincing characterizations by Don Murray; his devoted wife Patricia Smith; and an extraordinary existentialist Carolyn Jones.

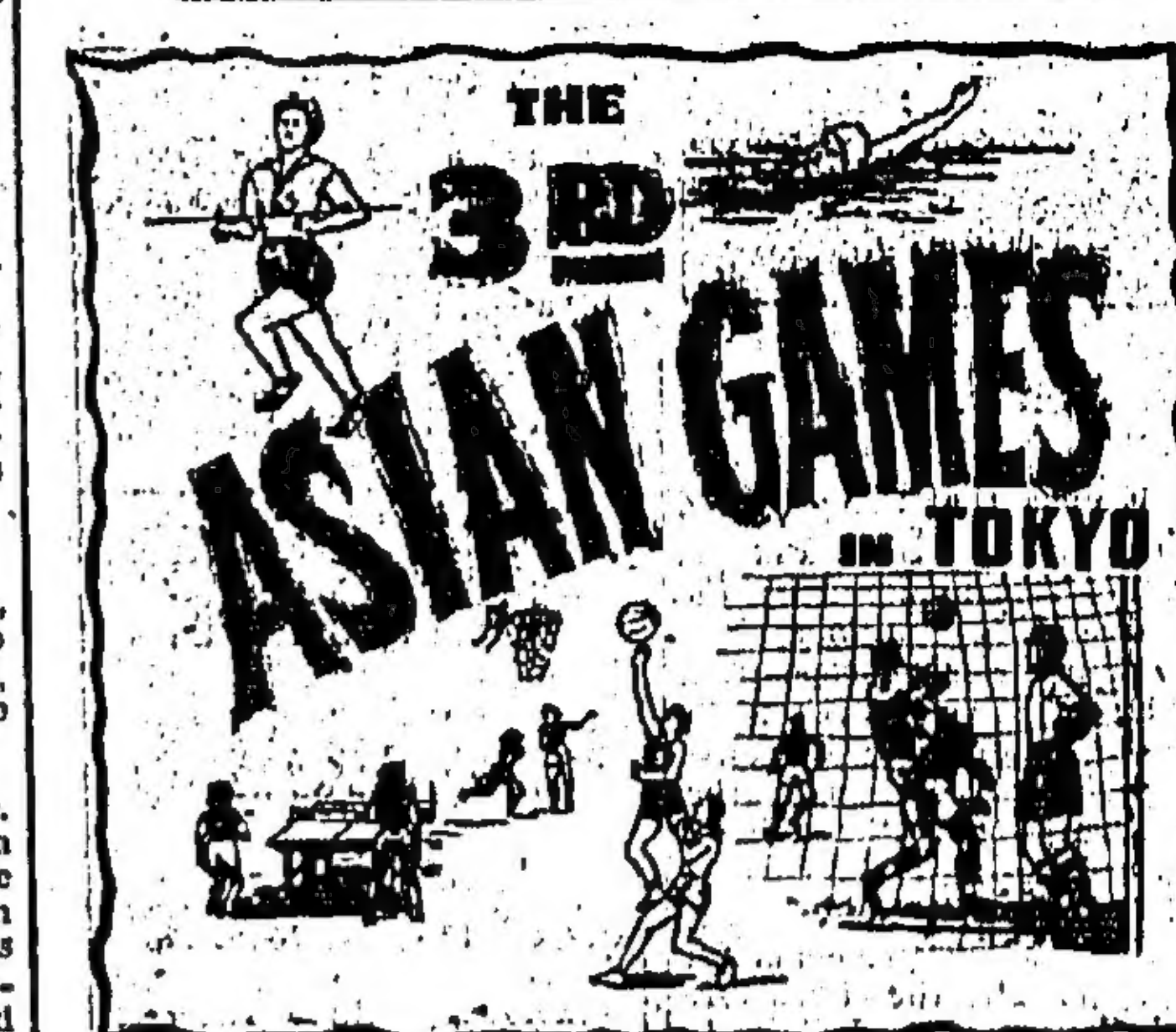
LEE & ASTOR: "These Dangerous Years." Microscopic teenage toughs in the groove. Carole Lesley and Jackie Lane partner Frankie Vaughan in a warm, living film with drama and comedy. First production by Anna Neagle, directed by Herbert Wilcox.

KING'S & PRINCESS: "Men and Wolves." French-Italian production in CinemaScope and Eastmancolor, featuring Silvana Mangano, Yves Montand and Pedro Armendariz. Adventures of remote villagers during a rigorous winter when hungry wolves come in from the surrounding forests. . . the humane brotherhood of men when faced with hostile nature.

ROXY & BROADWAY: "The Bravados." An excellent Western splendidly played by Gregory Peck, an invincible avenger who takes the law in his own hands and then finds it hard to forgive himself. Good supporting cast, exciting story. 20th Century Fox.

SHOWING QUEENS TO-DAY

At 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 P.M.

5 SHOWS TO-MORROW
EXTRA PERFORMANCE AT 11.30 A.M.

Lee & Astor

72436 (No. 4111, Office) 67777

★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★

4 SHOWS AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

THE GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD... BECOMES THE MOST SPECTACULAR MOTION PICTURE OF ALL TIME!

Added: LATEST CAUMONT BRITISH NEWS
Trooping The Colour — Skyman Fly to Cyprus, etc., etc.

★ MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW ★

LEE THEATRE
At 12.00 noon
3 STOOGES
COMEDIES & TECHNICOLOR
CARTOONSAt Reduced Prices:
40 Cts., 70 Cts. & \$1.00ASTOR THEATRE
At 11.00 a.m.
TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS
from FoxAt 12.30 p.m.
"STARS OF THE RUSSIAN
BALLET"FREE SUNKIST to all
patrons for 11 a.m. &
12.30 p.m. Performances

★ NEXT CHANGE ★

★ AUTHENTIC BRITISH NEWS ★

★ AUTHENTIC BRITISH NEWS ★

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HOMESIDE PICTORIAL

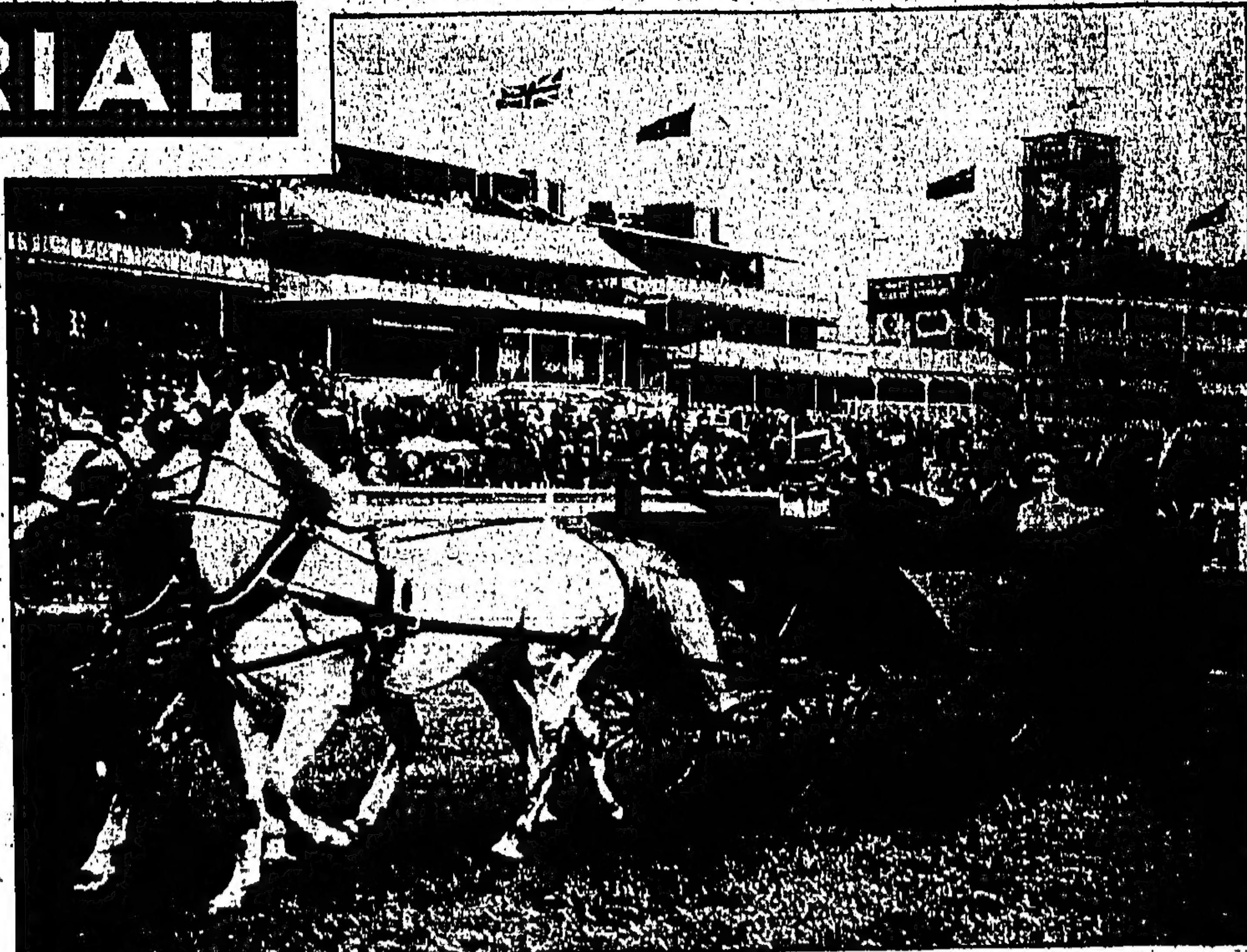


ABOVE: Irish-born nurse Mary Brennan, 29, was married in a private ceremony recently in Glamis Castle, Scotland, to the 40-year-old Earl of Strathmore, a cousin of Queen Elizabeth. Miss Brennan, a Roman Catholic, renounced her faith in marrying the earl.



EX-QUEEN Soraya of Persia pictured recently with her mother in London Airport before flying to Germany.

★
Express Photographs.



ABOVE: Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip arriving recently at Ascot racetrack for the opening of Royal Ascot, top racing event in the British social calendar.



BLONDE Roberta Cowell, formerly Robert Cowell, fighter pilot and father of two children, is seen recently in Croydon, England, when she went to a bankruptcy court. She owes £12,580.



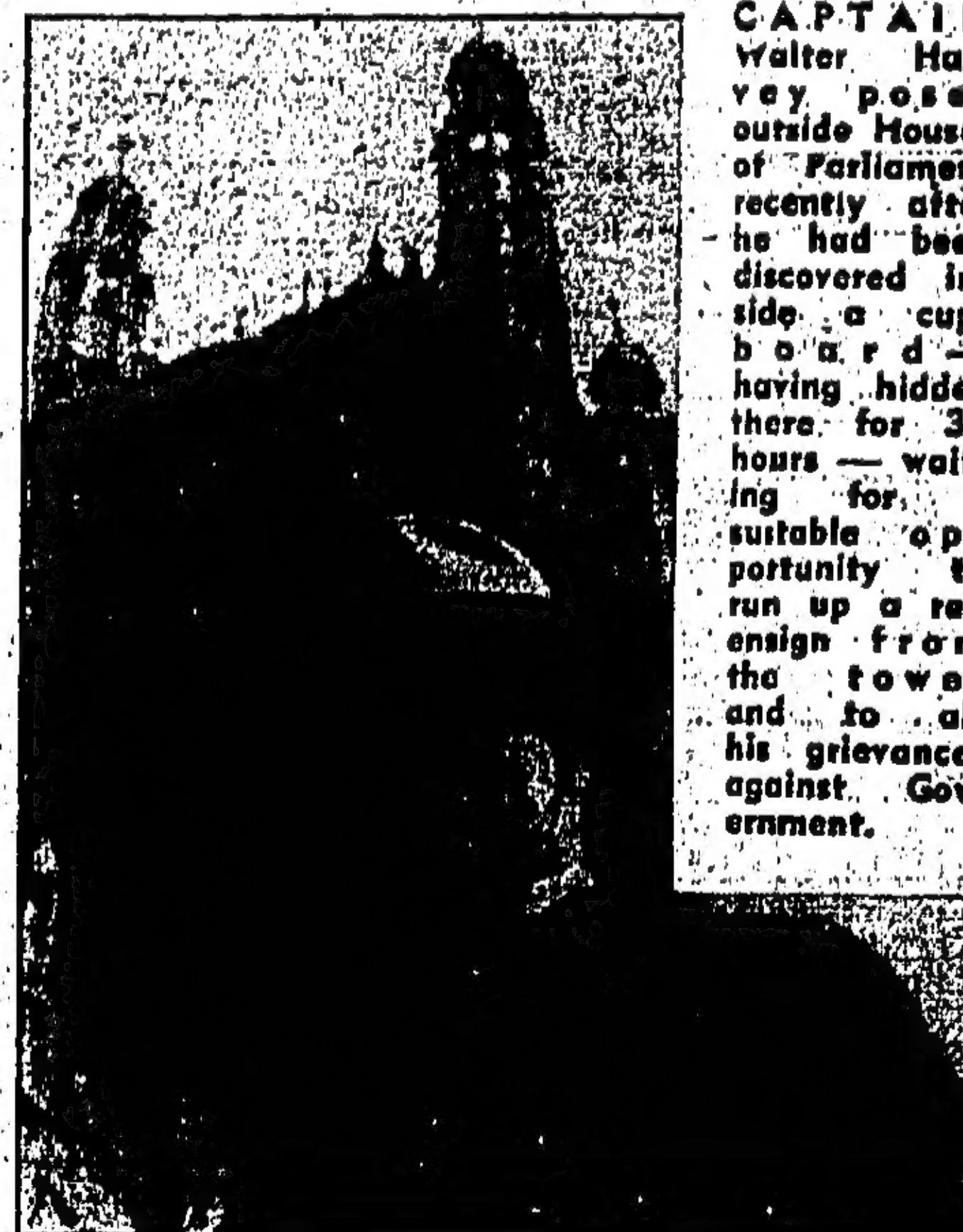
BELOW: Ernst Toch's Symphony No. 3—played at the Royal Festival Hall by the Marley College Symphony Orchestra, required a "hisser"—to make a noise like a train letting off steam. So it was done with this cylinder of compressed air. Margaret Cotton, percussionist, has her part explained by Gerard Hoffnung, designer of the instrument. — Keystone.



BRITISH screen actor Tony Wright seen here with a charming companion, was rushed to hospital recently after being found severely ill in his London flat. Beside his bed was an empty bottle of pain-killing tablets.



ABOVE: Here, purse in hand, in a white-pleated skirt and highbuttoned cardigan, 17-year-old Princess Fazelat, bride-to-be of King Faisal of Iraq, steps out with a friend Chavoy Down, near her school at Heathfield.



CAPTAIN Walter Harvey poses outside Houses of Parliament recently after he had been discovered inside a cupboard—having hidden there for 39 hours—waiting for a suitable opportunity to run up a red ensign from the tower and to air his grievances against Government.



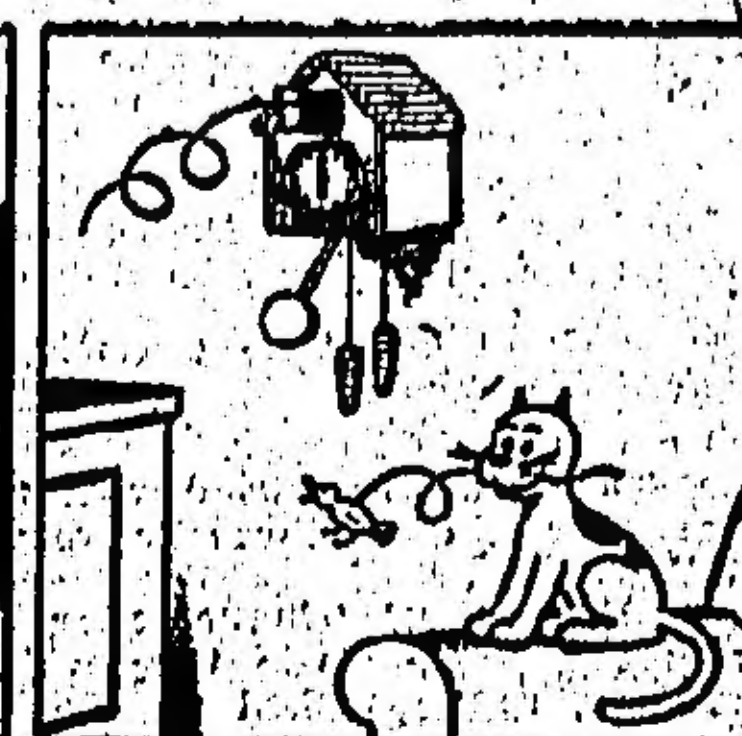
MEMBERS of the 1st Guards Brigade, who have been ordered as reinforcements for Cyprus, are pictured recently leaving Sharncliffe railway goods yard, Kent. They had a band to play them off.

ABOVE: Mr. Frank Cousins, general secretary of the Transport and General Workers' Union, the union to which London's recently striking busmen belong, with four bus conductresses.

★
RIGHT: Wearing the new "melon" style skirt, Princess Fazelat arrives at the Royal Tournament in London on Wednesday with Crown Prince Abdul Allah of Iraq.

NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



Presenting Another Hongkong Short Story By George Ramago

My Chameleleon

YOU know how it is. You sometimes pick up any old book, skim idly through it, and just occasionally come across a few words or an illustration, and you stop, and you think, and perhaps you exclaim, "Now isn't that funny? It reminds me of..."

But there I go, burbling on when I really want to tell you all about Kay Carter who rocketed into my life in that dreamy summer of 1956. A golden time, a golden woman.

We—that is, Kay and I—didn't last long, but then one becomes philosophic about that sort of thing, don't you think? Our affair, if I must use a hackneyed term, for something that lingers in the memory, was like a tropical sunset—beautiful, stimulating, and inevitably brief.

Well, I was thumbing through the first book to hand this very night, and came across a brightly-coloured picture of a chameleleon. And as I read the caption, I chuckled. It said: "A creature noted for its power of changing colour; an inconstant or versatile person." Now, I used to call Kay my chameleleon. Affectionately, of course, and she liked it.

It all began because of a sudden urge to escape from my stuffy little flat and cool down at one of the beaches. Purely by chance I decided on Repulse Bay, coaxed my sleepy couch into something like mobility, and crawled along the coast road. I was just another little man seeking the infinite or needing a change. I swept into the parking area at Repulse Bay with a certain abandon and an uncertain skill, and made for the Astoria, a drink-spot of somewhat decrepit splendour.

I just sat there, sipping my brandy dry, and letting the day's frustrations drift gently away. It was the quiet evening hour at the tail-end of a scorching day, and the cool breeze talked away my sorrows. Through the many windows I could see the many islands, the many junks, a couple of broiled humans, and one nondescript dog scrabbling for treasure with frantic paws. It all didn't seem to matter very much.

In the far corner of the bar, behind me a rather moth-eaten trio plugged away at "These Foolish Things." I hummed the melody softly to myself, pushed my glass towards the bar-boy, and asked for a repeat.

A cool, female voice next to me drawled, "Make that two."

"...I Called Kay That. Affectionately, Of Course, And She Liked It..."

Not very original, not very subtle, but it shook more out of my lethargy. I turned and looked, and saw a dark, intense woman, twenty-fiveish, and quite atrociously dressed in the height of fussiness, perched on a high bar stool next to me. But her voice! She had, without doubt, the most soul-stirring voice a man could wish to hear. It didn't matter at all what she said. She had in fact a genius for saying nothing beautifully. I simply sat there and listened, kept the drinks mobile, and gave her necessary cues to keep her talking.

I was utterly captivated. I suppose the place filled up—I usually did—and emptied, but I never noticed the coming and goings. Then the captain began to flick the lights off and on, the band started mournfully ahead, and she stood up, said so casually, "I'm Kay Carter. See you tomorrow—here," and was gone. Just like that. Didn't even wait for a lift. Shattering.

Well, of course we met again, the next day. Same time, same place. Do you know what her first words were? She said, "I was absolutely shaken. I had a vague recollection of driving along about dress-sense on the previous evening, but couldn't for the life of me remember criticising her particular taste or lack of it. But that's how it goes."

So, ever one to accept a challenge in the weeks that followed I did—do something about it. I took up this crusade, and her appearance noticeably improved, thanks largely to that lovable old bottle, Madame Horneuse, who scraped a proud living giving anticorrosive advice on what to do when and what to wear always.

Kay was being groomed for— for what? I never gave it a thought. But the result of all this was that within two months that voice was linked to as chic and as poised a woman as you could wish.

I was sublimely happy. I had created my masterpiece. I was also sublimely unconscious of the increasing dependency of my perfected woman. There were old moments when I began to feel that she was just a little waspish, but I quickly shrugged that one away. Then it happened. One evening, when the soaring tempera-

ture and humidity combined in that special kind of Hongkong purgatory, Kay suddenly flew into a snarling rage, and yelled in the most metallic, harsh, common voice: "For God's sake stop purring over me as if I'm your tame pet. I refuse to keep it up any longer. It wears me out. All this twittering like a broken-down quack. Now go away—you make me sick!" I was so flabbergasted I just went, and that was that.

The following days seemed endless and very empty. I never saw Kay at all. I couldn't bring myself to call her. One has one's pride. So I haunted the Astoria, hopefully, and drank a lot, morbidly.

One evening when the drink-checks in front of me looked like the tower of Pisa, and I was pushing down my millionth brandy, I was slapped forcibly on the back, choked over my glass, and turned to find Bill Frohisher beaming at me as if he'd won a State lottery. He was in a nauseatingly breezy mood, and kept on and on about some woman he'd got himself engaged to—unofficially, of course.

He insisted that the drinks were entirely on him, and so I felt it only right and proper that I should pay some little attention to his meanderings. It seemed that he was completely swept off his feet by this woman. Apparently, he'd been sitting in some cocktail bar nearby when he had glided the most attractive woman in this world, or out of it for that matter. Hair, makeup, clothes—all absolutely top according to Bill.

"Do you know, she walked like a goddess, looked like an angel, and was dressed like a— He groped for the magic word. "Like a dream?" I queried, and felt sorry immediately. But I couldn't have worried. Bill was oblivious to that sort of thing.

"That's it exactly," he exclaimed, "but—" There was a long pause here, and I eventually bridged the gap. "You said 'but', Bill. Do I gather that you are a little uncertain about something?" Bill smiled ruefully. "That's just it," he groaned. "It's impossible to believe, but she actually has the most grating, harsh, metallic voice I've ever heard. It's sacrilege, that's what it is. Almost as if you caught the Venus de Milo creaking 'Cor blimey'."

This, for me, was the moment of truth. I sat up stiffly and said, rather owlishly, with the brandy working overtime, "This wouldn't be Kay Carter you're talking about, now would it?" Bill was completely shattered, and gasped, "But yes—do you know her?"

It was then that sanity returned, and I murmured that I had met her very casually, that I knew just what he meant about her voice, and what a great pity it was—blush, blush, blab.

However, Bill really was smitten. He'd worked out some hairbrained scheme to rope in a certain Miss Fingleton, a self-confessed voice expert, to work the necessary miracle with Kay's vocal chords. I gave Bill my fond blessing, and left the Astoria gurgling to myself at Fate's sense of humour.

I didn't see Bill again for four or five weeks, and Kay was completely out of circulation. Freshing her information, I supposed. Once or twice I was tempted to ring her and ask her the time, but my sense of fair play prevailed.

Then one grey, rainy evening the Astoria too was vamping its lugubrious way through an off-beat version of "St Louis Blues," and I had just pushed my glass under the bar-boy's snoot nose for a repeat, when a gloomy voice moaned: "Make that two."

There was no greeting, just a thundering, "Do you know what that hell-cat did to me?" I drew myself up fairly exact on my bar-stool and asked, "Are you referring to Kay Carter, the woman who stole my heart?" growled Bill, and then poured out the whole grisly story.

Apparently, less than half an hour before, he'd met Kay in the cocktail bar nearby, but hadn't recognised her at first. She was, according to Bill, dressed in the most extraordinary get-up, and made him feel quite ashamed.

She must have noticed this, because suddenly, in her most throbbing Fingleton voice, she had drawled, "My dear Bill, this is the way I like to dress. It was me out strolling around like a clothes-horse. Now, go away—you make me sick." And Bill, bless him, was so astonished that he just went.

I'm afraid I didn't commiserate with Bill as much as I might have done. I had an urge to rush to the nearest telephone and ring that cocktail bar nearby. Which I did. And when Kay came on the line and said in that wonderful voice that she was just about to have another drink, I said, "Make that two, dear."

Then I went smartly back to Bill, slapped him a fond farewell on his bowed shoulders, waved gallily to the three beetles jangling "One Fine Day," and went to join my most frequent and constant versatile chameleleon.

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Let's Take Hongkong's Word

By R. W. Thompson



CANGUE

"A square board, or portable pillory of wood, used in China as a punishment." This punishment was once known to residents of Hongkong. Its weight was limited by law to 30 pounds and its main function was to prevent its wearer from eating during the day. It was removed during the night.

This is a Portuguese word—canga "ox-yoke". Its etymology was in the past somewhat obscured by the fact that the Tartars who introduced it to China called it kangai and the Cantonese used the expression k'ang ka "to wear the fetter."

The same word appears in Bowyer's Journal (Cochin China, 1698): "He was imprisoned, cangued, tormented but making friends with his Money... was cleared, and made Under-Customer..."

In Staunton's Embassy it is observed that "the punishment of the cha, usually called by Europeans the cangue, is generally inflicted for petty crimes." (1797). A Frenchman, Leon Rousseau, in A Travers la Chine, published in 1878, remarks that this punishment was probably never inflicted on women who were slapped on the cheeks with a small strip of leather, instead.

CANTON

This should properly be the name of the province Kwang Tung, broad east—the capital being called, amongst other names, Kwong Chou. The English took the name from Portuguese Cantao.

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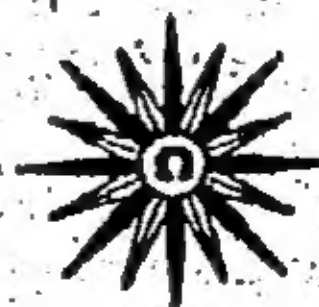
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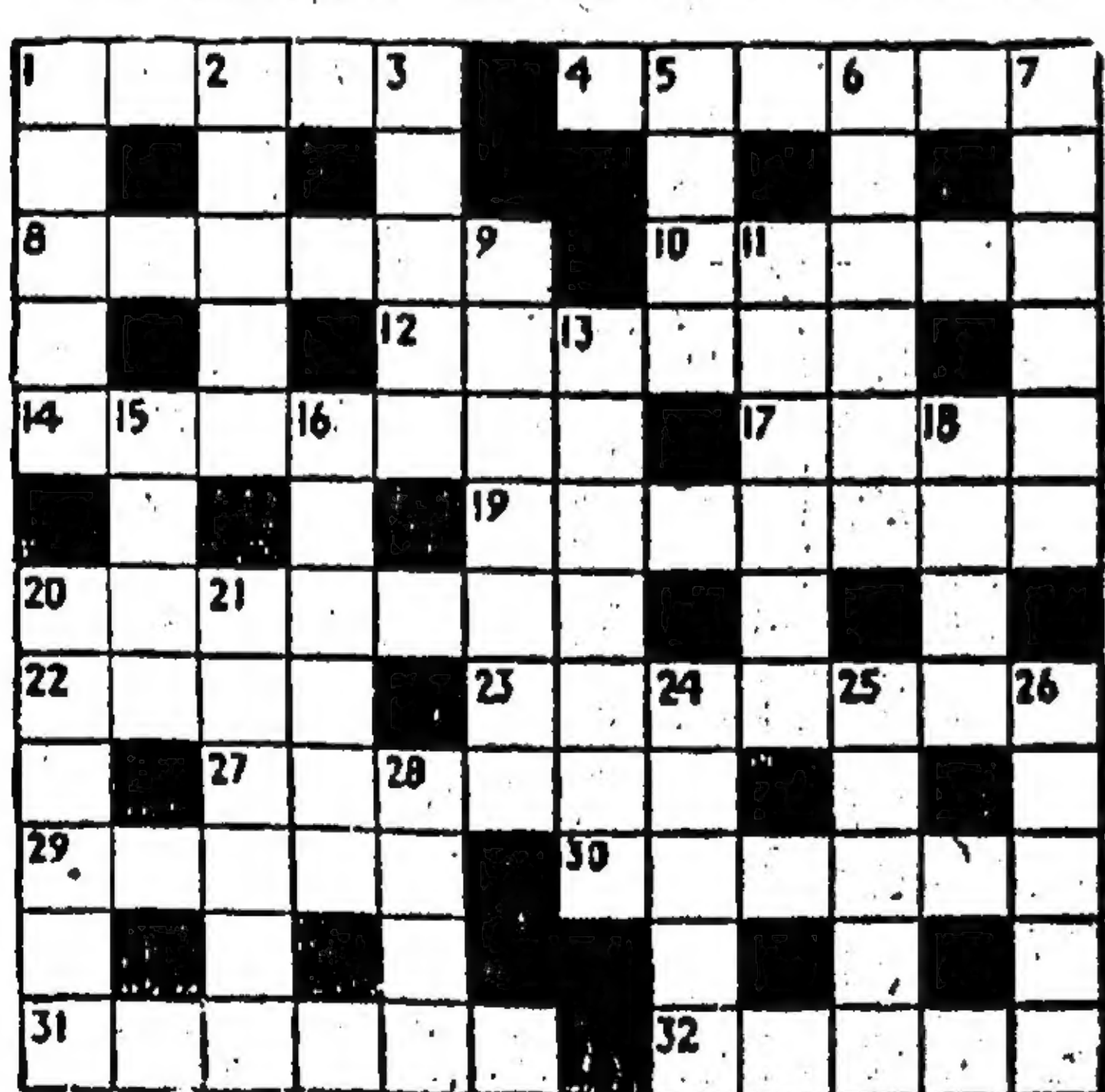
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A British Crossword Puzzle



- ACROSS**
- They may be taken in a box (5).
 - Please pass! (6).
 - Sacred beetle (6).
 - Flower, partly Eastern (5).
 - Scarlet athlete? (6).
 - True, from the line the RE joined up (7).
 - Tex on a ring? (4).
 - Slings (7).
 - It's no use, he's sick (7).
 - Base for a speaker (4).
 - Fertiliser (7).
 - Keeps the subjects in order (6).
 - Wrong—it's a girl (5).
 - What d'ye call it (6).
 - Players, and laws may be (6).
 - Dandy sea-motion (5).
- DOWN**
- Spot of refreshment! (5).
 - Mark II? (5).
 - Refrain from killing (5).
 - These aren't over-weight (4).
 - The spirit of progress, shall we say? (6).
 - Fits one's name down (6).
 - A question of arson, it seems (7).
 - Squatter's dog? (6).
 - Is found wanting? (7).
 - Scottish island (4).
 - Gives over (6).
 - Fast time (4).
 - Ladies have them (6).
 - Very manly (6).
 - They ruled at one time (5).
 - Fish in a corner (5).
 - Give praise (5).
 - Man, maybe (4).

FRIDAY'S SOLUTION—Across: 3 Borderer, 6 Hold, 9 Publican, 11 Car-u-S-A-I, 12 Erse, 15 Forecast, 18 Hear hear, 19 Orbs, 21 Criticisms, 25 Discipline, 26 Flow (row), 27 Remedial, Down: 1 Criticisms, 2 Blur, 4 On-us, 5 Doll, 6 Recur, 7 Range, 9 Punch, 10 Bales, 12 Amour, 14 Ball, 15 Asop, 17 Trile, 19 Order, 20 Begon, 21 Find, 22 Olga, 23 Act, 24 Lawn.

PARADE

BIG-EVEN FOR TEXAS: A treasure trove of more than a quarter of a million silver dollars has been found in a secret cellar in the Houston mansion of Texas oil millionaire James M. West.

West, who died last December, liked to hand out silver dollars to passers-by.

His family knew he kept a stock of them somewhere, so they hired detectives to find it.

The men crawled under the house to reach the cellar and found the money stacked in cotton bags, paper sacks, water-barrels and petrol cans.

It took seven trips by an armoured car to take the money away, and it made a pile five feet high in an area of eight by ten feet in a strong room at the Texas National Bank.

West was one of the great Texas eccentrics. His great hobby was riding on night patrol with Houston policemen. His personal fleet of cars included 41 Cadillacs with elaborate radio equipment. His home was a maze of disappearing rooms and other trick devices. He is believed to have left more than \$30 million.

SIR WILLIAM, THE LIFT-MAN? William Samwell, 58-year-old retired Cape Town liftman, claims he is Sir William Samwell.

He has traced the Samwells back to the reign of Edward the Third. The title was created in 1375.

Samwell says he is a direct descendant of Sir Thomas, the first baronet. His great-grandfather, William, retired from the Royal Navy on half-pay and

dropped the title because he could not keep it up.

His grandfather, a retired English magistrate, used the title, but his father, an easy-going man, who worked here as a customs officer for 30 years, dropped it.

Samwell worked a lift for 13 years. He wants the title to pass to his son, William, a 19-year-old university student.

"It is not everybody," he said, "who can trace ancestors who fought at Greys."

THE DOCTOR'S ADVICE: "Going steady" between teenagers is dangerous, says Dr. W. W. Wigle, a school-doctor. In a report to the Northwestern Ontario Youth Conference.

"The practice results in a loss of social contact and the youths' studies often suffer," he said. Besides, there was the danger of too close an intimacy. The time to begin dating varied in accordance with the individual and the home.

"However, teenagers should keep to their own age and functional groups," the doctor added.

HAZARDS OF SUN-BATHING: A hunter mistook the trim ankle of a sun-bathing Roman girl for a quail—and took a shot at it.

Patrizia Ghinelli, 22-year-old brunette, decided to get sun-tanned all over. She chose a secluded spot among shrubs at Focene Beach, outside Rome.

The "quail" hunter saw Patrizia's ankle move—and let loose with his shotgun. Doctors say Patrizia's wounds are not serious.

FRIENDS!

FEAR paralysed me. I could not speak. I could not move. I dared not even breathe. The gun was my master and my soul cringed before it. Fascinated and terrified I gazed at the grim, black muzzle thinking crazily: "If I watch closely enough I shall see the bullet coming to kill me."

Then suddenly a great shaggy figure hurtled between myself and the executioner. The machine-gun roared and the spell was broken.

Willem, my faithful Siberian sledge dog, had hurled himself at the Red frontier guard. And in the split second that it took the guard to kill Willem I threw myself back into the forest from which I had come.

And as I ran I wept. Willem had been my sole companion for nearly 1,000 miles in my flight from a Russian slave camp.

In the two years that had elapsed since I escaped from a lead mine at Cape East, on the Behring Strait, I had no more faithful friends.

I thought more of him than the tribesmen who gave him to me.

I had even dreamed of taking him with me home to Munich . . . the town I had left so many years before as a Wehrmacht officer.

Now he was dead. Killed because I had blundered stupidly into a trap on the Russian-Mongolian frontier.

SLIMMING?

I ran blindly, aimlessly through the undergrowth until I reached a stream which would spoil the scent for any tracker dogs the Russians might use.

I plunged in up to my waist and followed it until dusk. Then I hauled myself up the bank, climbed a tree and fastened myself there with straps from my rucksack. And there I slept.

At dawn I awoke, rigid with cold, and called for Willem.

Then I remembered he was dead and set off once more. It was 11 days before I felt confident enough to face comparative civilisation again.

I came across some forest rangers and told them I had been hired to work at a timber camp at Orsay, which I knew was not far away. Without any questions they put me up for the night in their log cabin.

Next morning I had a steam bath. A young man called

'Why does a Jew want to help a German?'

After years on the run from a Russian slave camp Clemens Forell was like a hunted animal. He trusted no one. In this dramatic picture Arthur Wragg shows Forell face to face with a man who said he was a friend. This is Clemens Forell's own story of that strange encounter.

Clemens Forell's escape story is told by J. M. Bauer in "As Far As My Feet Will Carry Me" (Deutsch, 15s.).

Mihail poured buckets of water on hot tiles and I stood there naked, relaxed, almost happy.

Suddenly I noticed Mihail studying my spare frame. "Been slimming?" he said.

"I've been ill," I said shortly. He shrugged. "You won't get far in that state." The tone of his voice scared me. I felt sure this young man had guessed my secret. Maybe he was a police spy. . . . I decided to leave as quickly as possible.

But Mihail, to my horror, decided to show me on my way. We walked in silence for about a quarter of an hour and then he said quietly to me: "You're no Russian. You're German. South German, in fact. Probably Tyrol."

It was no use blushing. Wearily I said: "My family came from the Tyrol. What about it?"

"Only this," said Mihail. "My father was born in Vienna. He was taken prisoner by the Russians in 1914 and became a

Soviet citizen after the Revolution.

"Now he's a baker in Abakan, about 600 miles west of here. If you ever get that far, look him up and he may be able to help you. His name is Leopold Messmer and his shop is in the Street of the October Revolution."

I was strangely moved. I had travelled over 2,500 miles since I had slipped away from the lead mine and, this was the first time anyone had ever given me the name and address of someone who would help me.

After a time the wilderness faded. I came to farms, robbed food from the fields and, after about 12 weeks, reached the outskirts of Abakan.

I set out once more, moving along paths Mihail had told me to follow through the timber lands.

But the very next day I had to take cover again.

I ran up against a forced labour camp for women.

LIKE MEN

They were dressed just like men in threadbare trousers and lumber jackets, and yet they were still typically feminine. They could not stop talking.

Although they had to work hard, chopping wood inside the barbed-wire fences of the camp, their chatter was endless.

Fascinated I crouched in the undergrowth listening to them. Once something made them all laugh and tears came to my eyes. So people could still laugh. That evening the prisoners were herded indoors. The lights went on in their huts and once more I heard snatches of conversation.

It was like a dream. Here was proof that the world of men and women, laughter and warmth, still existed. And yet I could be no part of it.

But by the time it was completely dark all sentiment vanished.

I crept into the camp, forced a window with my axe and plundered a food store.

Then I was off again . . . marching . . . marching . . . marching.

TERRIFIED

Leopold Messmer's shop was a modest building. He opened the door himself and invited me in when I said that I had a message from his son.

But when I told him I was an escaped prisoner from Cape East, he began to tremble. I could see he was terrified.

"I can't help you," he stammered. "It's too dangerous. You can't stay here. Look—take these clothes and go."

I took the clothes without a word of thanks. I felt only a burning contempt for this frightened little baker who would not help a fellow-countryman in peril.

From Abakan I headed for the Iranian border. It was hundreds of miles to the south-west, but it was safer than Mongolia.

I decided on a plan which I felt sure would help me travel unobserved as a beggar.

I shuffled from town to town, dragging a home-made sledge behind me. I was a whining, tottering scarecrow, whom nobody knew and nobody wanted to know.

Hitching and walking and begging I reached Uspenski, about 600 miles from Abakan. There—for now I had no scruples—I robbed 1,100 roubles from a railway booking office

clerk and scrambled on to a freight train that was going west.

For three weeks I lay low in that train, as it clanked and shuddered its way across Russia. When it reached Novo-Kuznetsk, on the Aral Sea, I jumped down and eluded to the bazaar to buy some food.

I had finished my shopping and was swallowing a vodka when I heard a voice that sent a chill down my spine.

A man whispered: "Hey, you! Come with me."

Slowly I finished my drink. But I didn't turn round—because the man had spoken in German. I tensed and prepared to fight my way out of a trap.

"Yes, I mean you. Come with me."

Slowly I turned, as if I were looking round the bazaar. I saw a small man standing close to me. He seemed to be alone.

"I'm sorry," I said in Russian. "I don't speak your language."

A pair of piercing blue eyes gazed at me from a keen, Jewish face. "It's German, the same as yours," he said. "I want to help you."

'I HATE THEM'

I studied him and decided I could kill him easily if he became troublesome. Then I followed him without a word to the outskirts of the town.

We stopped at a shabby house. The Jew ushered me in and I found it was furnished luxuriously. I sank into a huge arm-chair and asked rudely: "Why does a Jew want to help a German?"

"I am an Armenian," he said simply. "My country is ruled by the Soviets and therefore I

-but I smell a trap

3,000 MILES
OF PERIL—NOW
EVERY MAN
WAS AN ENEMY

"In Urinsk you will go to Mikhail Ivanovitch Slatin, 42, Stranekaya Avenue. Your code word is 'Starschog'."

I thanked him and left. And, as I walked away, all the mistrust that had seared my mind since my escape surged up within me.

"He's a Jew," I told myself. "He must be trying to trick me. And now all this nonsense about Urinsk..."

I forgot his hospitality, his gifts, the way he had sheltered me. I headed south for the Iranian border, turning my back on Urinsk.

STARVING

That was in February, 1932, two years and four months after my escape. In June I was back in Novo-Kuznetsk, knocking at the Armenian Jew's door.

My clothes were in tatters. I was starving. I had reached the frontier and had found it black with troops, thick with machine-guns. I had barely escaped with my life.

Calmly the Jew brought me into his house. I told him what had happened. My apologies tumbled out.

"I had a feeling you wouldn't accept my word," he said. "Now let's get you fit again."

That took three weeks. Again I thanked my friend—and this time I showed away on a freight train heading north for Urinsk and Mikhail Ivanovitch Slatin.

He lived in a tumble-down tenement that smelled of garlic and sweat. And he questioned me for half an hour before he was satisfied that I was not a Soviet agent.

Then he said: "Your next stop is the Kiana-Zeldin vegetable farm on the outskirts of Aleksandrov-Gay, about 160 miles south-west of here. The password is the same—'Starschog'."

I went to the market to buy a box of matches. And there I loitered for a while, though all my instincts told me I should be on my way.

INSTINCTS

My instincts were right. Soon I realised I was being followed—by a girl in her late twenties. I was sure she was a police spy.

I twisted and turned up and down side streets and thought I had lost her. Then I saw her coming towards me, blindly, as if I wasn't there.

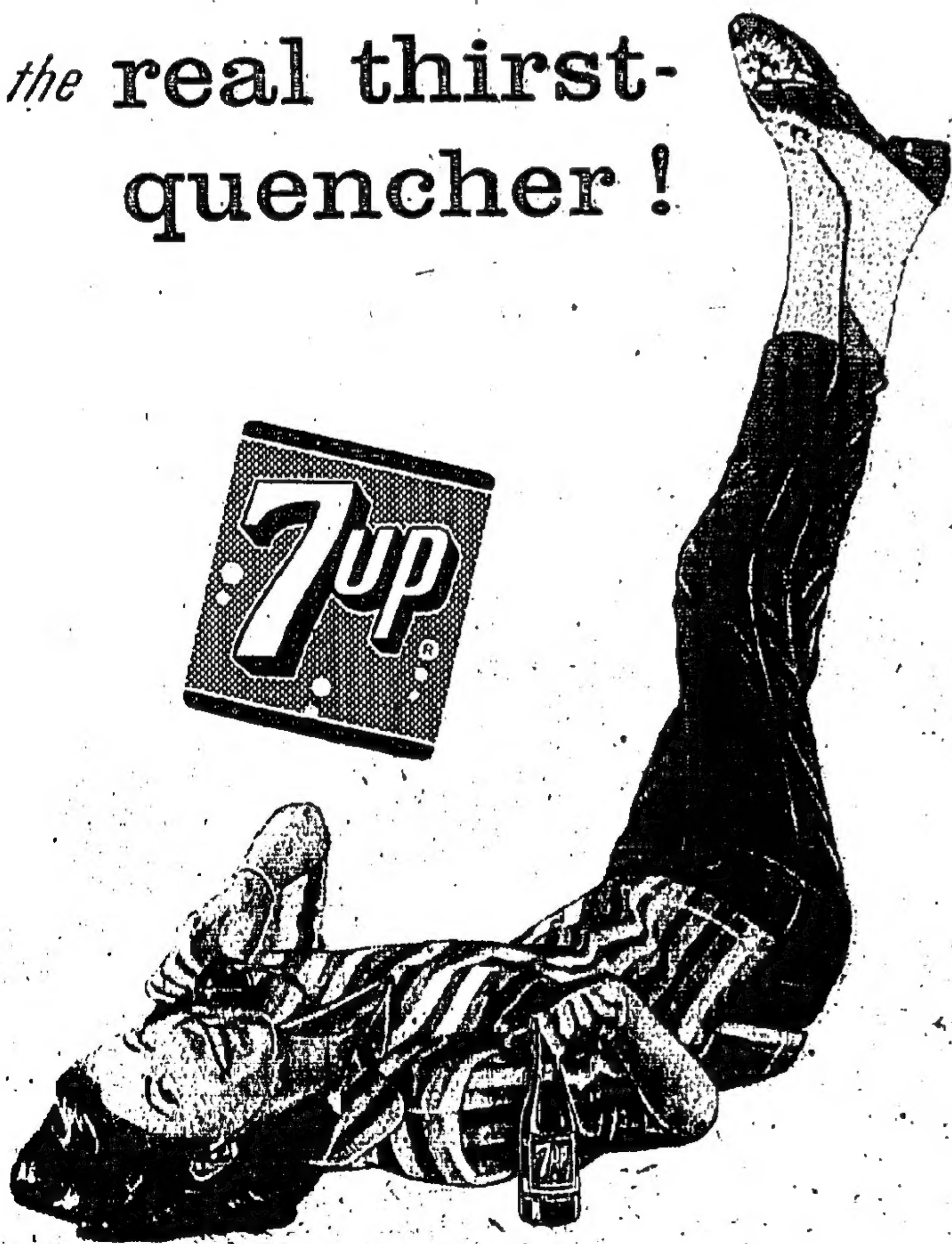
Before I could get out of her way she bumped right into me—and apologised in German. Automatically the German response—bitte—sprang from my lips.

I had fallen for the oldest trick in the game. I had been trapped by a slip of a girl.

NEXT WEEK:

By a dramatic twist of fate, I got over the border and am arrested as a Soviet spy.

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HI-HO! I'M OFF TO A DUDE RANCH

... WHERE THE LITTLE

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SHOW HOW

TO HANDLE ALL

THOSE

PLAYTIME COWBOYS



Golden Canyon Dude Ranch.
WHILE I was packing to leave the Old West a package arrived from Dodge City. It contained a silver badge, star shaped, and bore the inscription: "Don Iddon, L.D.M., Marshal of Dodge City." The L.D.M. means London Daily Mail.

Now, being made a marshal of Dodge is not quite the same as being a marshal of the French Army and considerably short of being a field-marshal in the British Army.

But it is something, and I out-ran, raw men I met on the turn. Wyatt Earp, who was never a full marshal. What duties go with the honour I don't know, and the current active marshal, Ramon House, who was a career police officer and graduated from the Federal Bureau of Investigation, has not informed me.

A LETTER

I EXPECT the badge will help to fix parking tickets and enable me to subdue any element not that I have seen any in the long journey which has taken me to 11 States and covered 6,000 miles.

I also received a letter from the South-West Milk Producers' Association, whose legend is: "All that we have to owe to udders."

I am winding-up the Western series on a dude ranch, but I have given a fictitious name to the ranch and omitted the locale because I want to write frankly without getting anyone into trouble.

My friends on the real ranches and in Dodge and Wichita had warned me: "Dude ranches are as phony as a three-dollar bill (there is no such United States currency) and you will be as out of place as a milk-pail under a bull. You have seen ranches and ranches don't go for the Hollywood stuff."

But in a way the dude ranch (there are hundreds scattered across the country) is plain proof of the grip the West has on the American nation. Folks-dressed business men, who have never been west of Chicago, dress themselves in chaps, check shirt, kerchief and stetson, pay 20 dollars a day to sit on a 500-dollar saddle and dream that they are back in the heroic past, the Old West, the wild and woolly West.

They are cowboy counterfeits, spurious and rather ludicrous, with no resemblance to the fac-

turn, raw men I met on the turn.

The most famous dude in America is a genuine one—Lucius Beebe, an old friend, whom I first met when he was a columnist on the New York Herald-Tribune. Lucius, who, typically, went to both Harvard and Yale, was the salon and saloon exquise of Manhattan, the fashionable bar, the first night, a most elegant man at the exclusive parties. But he decided (he is a wealthy man) to go West and he has taken to the stetson and a sort of super-sheriff's dress and now publishes and edits in Virginia City, Nevada, a famous newspaper, the Territorial Enterprise, on which Mark Twain used to work.

I saw Lucius and his partner, Charles Clark in Virginia City and they are thriving. Lucius has a private gilt and plush railway car, two Rolls-Royces, one of them a limousine, the other a sleek maroon-and-yellow sports model, in his garage on a hill which once spotted silver in rivers and helped to finance the American Civil War and build San Francisco.

PHONEY

VIRGINIA CITY is utterly unlike Dodge City. There is hardly anything but saloons: The Bucket of Blood, The Sultide Table, The Crystal Bar, The Sawdust Saloon. This, perhaps is the phoney West... but I like it.

The dudes abound and Reno, the divorce and gambling capital until Las Vegas overtook it, is only half an hour's drive away, along a winding road through the sun-baked sierras. The outskirts of Reno provide a special sort of dude ranch—a place where women, waiting on their six weeks' residence requirement before getting their quickie divorce, ride, play cards, flirt with the dudes and cow-boys, gossip, drink, swim, flirt with the dudes drive their con-

vertibles, shop, and... flirt with the dudes. I avoid these places as I once stayed in such a mantrap before and have hardly got over the experience.

The dude ranches of Wyoming appeal to me because of the vast solitude of the State, but Wyoming is between seasons. California I considered, but I am always dropping in and out of Hollywood and Beverly Hills so I thought I'd start the truck east and drop in at a likely prospect.

The literature from the travel agents made me shudder. "Howdy, Podner. Hidin' by. Join our Western gang. Always friendly and informal. Don't be a dud, be a dude. Parties, parties everywhere. Why settle for less than the best. Hidden Valley. Blin' Bridle. Round-up Ranch. Have fun chum." etc. Tempting for lonely girls or single men, swimming pools, archery, moonlit rides were also offered. Actually the dude ranches which I visited turned out to be less vulgar than I imagined.

The one I am staying at is most reasonable. Only 15 dollars a day for private room and bath, three meals, and as much horse-riding as I want. There is a swimming pool, a trout stream, and the surrounding country is green and lovely.

TOLERABLE

SO, given luck and not too impressive a crowd of city people trying to be at home on the range, a day or two as a dude can be tolerable. The horses are nice anyway, and very well-behaved. They wouldn't, or couldn't throw an old woman of 80.

The most important member of a dude ranch is the dude wrangler or dude jingler. He leads his parties out on the

trails, he is the host, guide, protector, diplomat, and the man who makes a success or failure out of a dude ranch.

My wrangler said: "You know the old saying: 'The main difference between wrangling dudes and cattle is that cattle are easier to handle because they ain't payin' for the privilege.'"

I hadn't heard the saying, but I saw what he meant.

My wrangler has to take a lot of backchat from people who drink too much and ride too little. They know it all. But the girls, single on the loose, are more of a nuisance to the wranglers than the dudes. Brought up on Westerns, they see themselves in the arms of a cowboy who turns out to have a million dollars back East and can't wait to marry them. Few wranglers are honest to earth

HOW WILD IS THE WILD WEST?

By DON IDDON

cowpokes such as I met in Oklahoma, and Kansas. The real cowpuncher wants no part of the dude ranch, although there are a few exceptions.

The elite of the wranglers prefer the horses to the customers. "A dude horse has to put up with more than any other horse in the world, including those in the bullrings. He's got to know all types, from fat fools from Wall Street to little children and you can throw in a few dizzy dames for good measure. You know what makes the best dude horse? Why, an old cow-pony. You bet, the little old cow-pony can handle them all."

NO SIGN

THE wrangler is worth 100 dollars a week and keeps—incidentally, just about twice what the Kansas cowhands get. The success of the dude ranch shows there is no sign that this American absorption in the West is diminishing. I believe it to be growing.

The cowboy is the master symbol of hundred per cent Americanism and hundreds of thousands of American males are making themselves in his image at least during their vacation. It is a curious phenomenon, but not one to sneer at. I suppose I have seen more of the West during the past two weeks than ever before. I love the West. In any case, would a brand new marshal of Dodge City say different?

THE END

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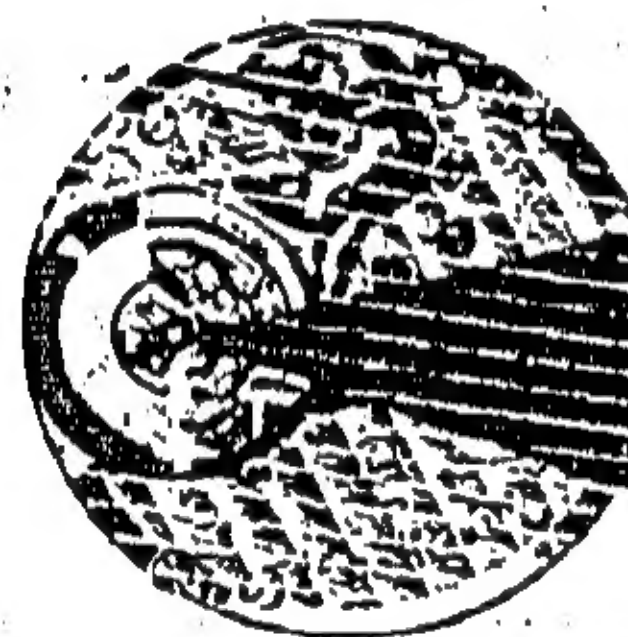
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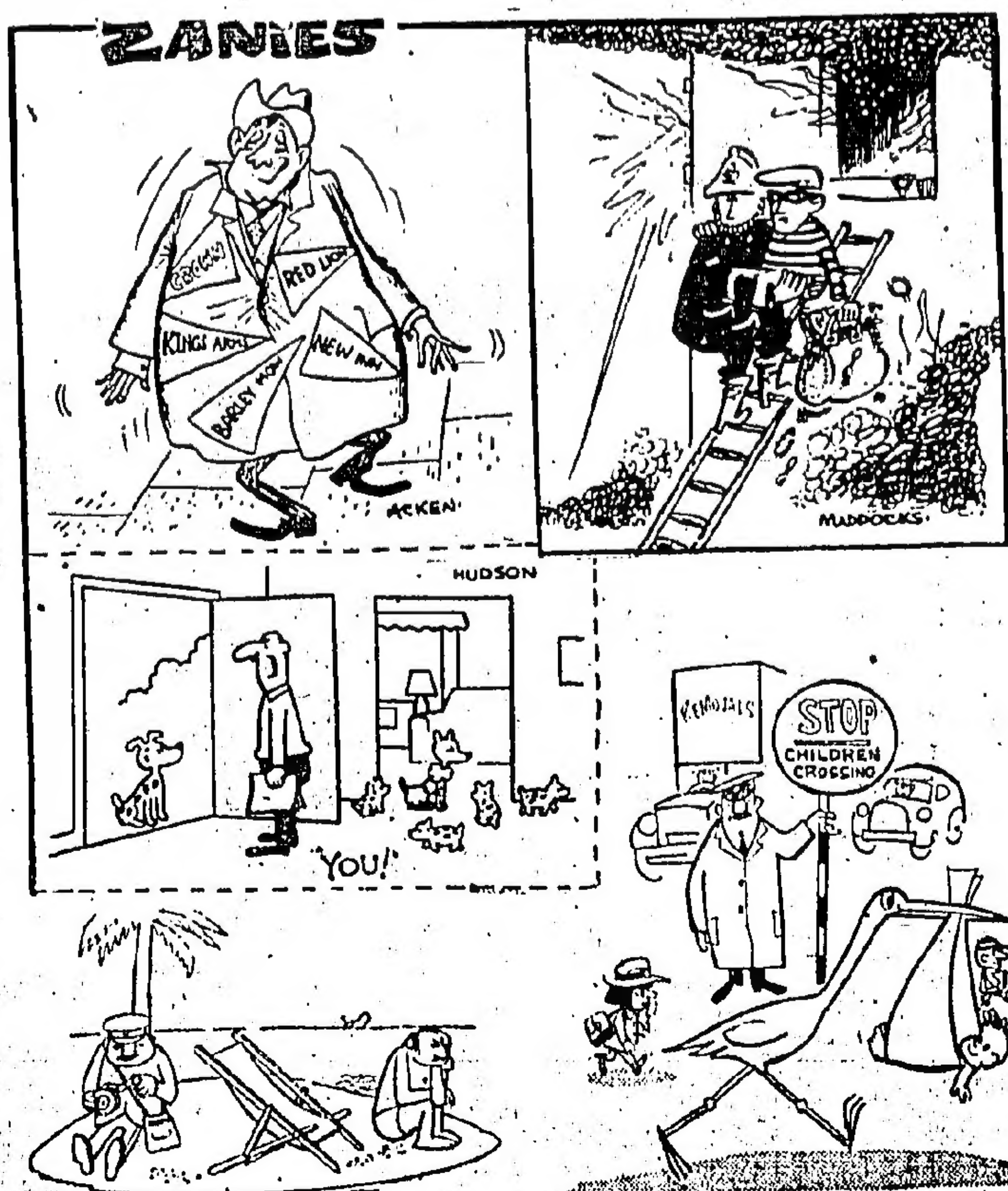
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WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

cool or warm: which are you?

WARM BLONDE: SHE'S LOVELY AND KNOWS IT!

YOU might think that attempting to divide women into two types is more reckless than even a woman would dare to do. But when those two types are cool and warm, and when you make allowances for the colour of a girl's hair, you'd be surprised how revealing the evidence can be. That is what this inquiry is doing. Maybe you'll find yourself here (men will certainly find somebody in THEIR lives to fit), then you'll be discovering more about yourself than you ever guessed.

SIX WHOSE FACES FIT THE FORMULA



MONROE DESMOND DONLAN DOCKER MANSFIELD BARDET

By Patricia Lewis

SHE should be the happiest of women—the warm, curvy, pleasure-loving blonde—because she's the most completely feminine of all types.

Her road in life is clear-cut. She just has to be her soft, cuddly, bubbling self and there'll always be a man around to open doors, carry her parcels, see her through Customs, and, eventually, to pick up her bills.

She loves people, parties, crowds, and the good things in life. Therefore people, parties, crowds love her.

She's vain about her looks—but after years of flattery and adoration she's come to rely on them, rightly, as the secret of her popularity. She's an exhibitionist... with no qualms about entering a bathing beauty

contest, posing for pin-ups, or giving her all at an audition. Strangely, perhaps, other women like her—probably because they secretly admire her lack of guile and the way she makes such a success of being simply, honestly, and cutely female.

THE Warm Blonde is smaller-boned, smaller-featured—but more lushy—than the Cool Blonde. Her hair is springier, her walk is bouncier. She has a honey skin, round eyes—often hazel or topraz-coloured—and full lips that can pout charmingly.

She often has to tint her hair to stop it dulling into "warm

mouse" and she must sometimes diet to keep her curves from thickening into plumpness. But she'll gladly spend hours at the hairdresser's and days on lemon juice to preserve her attractions.

There's an aura of glamour about the Warm Blonde. She'll buy lots of clothes, lots of shoes and—though she seldom wears one—lots of hats. She's too inclined to over-dress to be really chic but her taste has been developed to please the men and she knows they usually find true elegance rather hard and forbidding.

Five faces like Monroe's, Bardet's, Loraine Desmond's and Mita Gaynor's automatically spring to mind when Warm Blondes are the subject, and, of course, that outstanding brown-eyed girl with the platinum hair—Jayne Mansfield.

I asked her how she felt about being classed as a Warm Blonde.

"Oh, I'm gl-a-a-d I'm warm."

She breathed, looking down modestly at the orange mules



ROBB... presents the typical Warm Blonde—honey skin, round eyes, and lips that can pout charmingly. She's vain, with good reason.

that matched her clinging dress of orange and white striped jersey.

"I think my sort of blonde has a quite distinctive personality," she continued thoughtfully. "We may have a more obvious way of displaying our femininity, but I think that's because we like getting an immediate reaction from people."

CHARACTERISTICALLY, Miss Mansfield has a weakness for light colours.

"I'm happier in pastels," she said. "Blacks, browns, and tans tend to depress me—though they do seem more correct for London."

"My favourite colour's pink—I love pink champagne, pink fox fur, and I have a beautiful pink mink."

When she returns to Hollywood Miss Mansfield and her husband, Mickey Hargis, will set about redecorating their new eight-bedroomed, 13-bath-roomed house.

In pink? "Well, the bedroom definitely," she told me. "I'm having pink mirrored ceiling and walls... a pink Texas-size bed... a pink teddy-bear rug... and the curtains will be sewn with pink maribou feathers so they'll flutter in the breeze."

The range of pink jewels being somewhat limited, I wondered how Miss Mansfield coped in that department.

"Oh, I like all jewellery," she gurgled. "As long as it's real."

When it comes to real jewellery, the collection belonging to Lane Docker takes some beating.

Even with a two-piece of diamond and blue tweed she was wearing emerald and diamond earrings, pearls, and twin bracelets of huge square-cut diamonds and emeralds on the afternoon we met.

"My husband likes me to wear emeralds," she said. "Though personally I prefer sapphires. I suppose every blonde does."

"Yes, I like my clothes to be blue too. But I'm very fond of all pastels; and white. Bright colours are not for me. There's a red suit hanging up in my wardrobe now which I wore once and never again."

True to type, Norah Docker sits to the styles that suit her, no matter what the latest "line" may be. Not caring for strictly tailored clothes she orders her things to be made with soft, dressmaker touches for day and scintillating embroidery for evening. Her hair, too, is always soft, feathery, and set in the same manner.

A celebrated party-giver and high-liver she admits having to watch her figure.

"I sometimes fluctuate by over a stone," she smiled. "Funny enough I find that worry makes me gain weight. Since all this Riviera and Copeland business I'm sure I've put on pounds!"

★ ★ ★ ANOTHER Warm Blonde we all know is Yolande Donlan. Miss Donlan—the perfect example of a dumb blonde who isn't—has a quick wit and the ability to laugh at herself that's an endearing.

"My hair's been every colour," she told me gaily. "I've darkened it down and lightened it up depending on my mood. You know I went all studious and serious when I was a brunette... and my most frivolous time was when I was a red-head. But I'm happiest—and more successful—as a blonde. It means I can look my best in my favourite pastels too. Only trouble is, every time I change my hair I have to re-decorate... my old burgundy walls were a murderous background for a blonde."

The Donlan decor is now in sweet-pea shades of mauve. A bit larger-than-life and feeding the creature comforts to coast her into happiness, the lucky Warm Blonde usually finds all the good things come to her easily.

If, however, any man should discover his own Warm Blonde not quite content, I can only suggest that maybe no really womanly woman ever is!

Make the most of yourself

HAVE you looked in the mirror and decided this part of the inquiry is all about you? Then read what the experts say you should do to keep up that high standard of allure.

MAKE-UP. Mary Wood says: "A honey-toned skin is usually more graceful than a pale, fine-textured complexion, so it can take more direct sun and is less inclined to line. But a mild astringent and nourishing cream are still important. The brows are usually well-arched and can be darkened slightly with grey pencil. Powder should be pinky-brown deepening to golden-brown if you can. Rouge must be sparing and very pale. Coral-red or russet lip-sticks are excellent—though a warm rose without any blue is needed when you wear pink."

HAIR. André Bernard says: "A short hair-style with plenty of movement rather than actual curl is the most becoming—a sort of carefully-careless look."

CLOTHES. Harlequin says: "I love Warm Blondes in turquoise, lilac, and rose-pink. They can also wear azulela colours and white—but they look their prettiest in all the soft rainbow shades."

SCENT. Douglas Collins says: "Nothing too strong or musky—rather some scent with a rose or jasmine top-note. I would think 'Arpege' or 'Black Rose' are just right."

YOUR BIRTHDAY... By STELLA

SATURDAY, JUNE 28

BORN today, you are particularly talented in music and literature. Yet, since you also have dramatic ability, you might utilise your gifts for the stage, screen, radio or television. You have originality of presentation which should place you among the leaders in the world of ideas. In addition, you have good business ability so that you are not one to starve for your art in an attic. You expect that art should be paid for—just like talent in any other business. It is likely that you will become wealthy as well as famous. Actually, you dislike business details, so you will be happiest if you have someone manage your affairs for you. But it is likely that you will be one to make the decisions.

Hard work, of course, pays good dividends, but there is such a thing as good fortune giving you the original opportunity. The stars were smiling when you were born, for you appear to have cycles of extra-special good luck. One of those times is likely to be the third week in October each year. Keep an eye out for something particularly exciting to happen to you around that time. If an exceptional opportunity does arise, when you will know exactly what to do with your good-luck day.

You women have a definite style sense and are fond of good clothes and fine jewels. You are highly adaptable, socially, and probably will have a full social life. Rather fond of rich foods, you may need to watch your diet during middle life if you want to keep that girlish figure!

Among those born on this date were: Otis Siskner, actor; John Wesley, founder of Methodism; King Henry VIII of England; Luigi Pirandello, dramatist; Floyd Dell and Jean Jacques Rousseau, authors; and Mary Antonette Anderson, actress.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, JUNE 29

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—Seek spiritual guidance and then follow through with your plans for the rest of the day. Avoid risk-taking.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—If you are on vacation, pay a visit to some historical site and increase your knowledge of your surroundings.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—A quiet, restful Sunday is wise in preparation for the coming Fourth of July festivities.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—This could be a happy day for meeting old friends you have not seen for a long time. Enjoy yourself.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 23)—Avoid taking any unnecessary risk today. Make careful plans and adhere to them meticulously.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 23)—You may feel adventurous, but take it easy if you haven't conditioned yourself to outdoor exercises.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—It would be a sound idea to take time out to plan for your future. Weigh assets against liabilities and then act.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—A change of pace from business to social will give you pleasant relaxation. Just forget the office for the day.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—Don't devote too much from your usual Sunday schedule. Not a good time to take on extra social obligations.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—After your usual morning devotions, plan to get out into the country or to the seashore for some fresh air!

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 31)—Do only what must be done today. Otherwise, rest and relax with close associates. Have a good time!

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—Be diplomatic in your relations with others. Some member of the family may have "touchy" feelings. Take care!

SUNDAY, JUNE 29

BORN today, you are a rather surprising combination of dreamy idealism and vigorous ambition. Sometimes you are steaming to leap off in any direction, just so it is somewhere interesting. At other times you care little for the company of others. The stars have given you artistic talent, and this is probably the way your artistic temperament expresses itself.

You are impulsive and usually open to the suggestion of the last person who has talked to you! You have a high success potential, since you are very gifted. But there are times when you are morose and discouraged and it takes a lot to get you started again. Although you are very sensitive to adverse criticism, you are equally responsive to praise. There are times when you work easily and other moments when it is impossible for you to concentrate on what you are doing. Self-discipline helps. But to a certain extent give in to the "lean" inspirational periods, stick to routine and go along with the tide. Then, when your enthusiasm is high, work hard and accomplish a great deal in a short time.

You may find that your health has a lot to do with your moody periods. Keep your diet simple and get outdoor exercise as well as plenty of rest. Use your energies extravagantly and must take time out to rebuild them. A marriage to someone who understands your moods, and knows how to cope with all of them, will bring lasting happiness. You have a great capacity for affection and are demonstrative in showing your love.

Among those born on this date were: William Edgar Borah, Iowa statesman; Owen Davis, dramatist; George Ellery Hale, astronomer; John Quincy Adams Ward, sculptor; St. George Tucker, Virginia jurist; Celia, Thaxter, poet; and Peter Paul Rubens, Flemish painter.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, JUNE 30

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—Begin a new week of work on a bright note. Promote an idea dear to your heart. Anticipate success.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—New and exciting opportunities may be offered today. Examine small as well as large offers. Take the best one.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—An unexpected pleasure involving children you love is in the stars. Be prepared to have a lot of fun.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—An inheritance from the paternal side of the family may come up for consideration. Make a wise decision now.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 23)—Unusual events may need unusual action. Be wise in making your decisions and all will go smoothly.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 23)—An exciting day, but be cautious and tactful in approaching a new opportunity. Check all the facts before acting.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—Your ambitions may be soaring, but your judgment needs careful checking. You could take a wrong step and regret it later.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—Avoid impulse. Think before you act. This is especially true if you are assisting someone with a problem.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—Better for you to follow your regular routine rather than risk a new venture. There is an undercurrent of uncertainty.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 31)—You can take a calculated risk if you are sure you know accurately where you are headed.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—A vacation near or on the water would be good for your health and give your spirits a big boost. An exciting day, but be cautious and tactful in approaching a new opportunity. Check all the facts before acting.

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Brunette-Tone Shampoo—gives black or dark brown hair a glorious satin sheen; replaces dull, rusty look with new depth and highlights. Blends in sun-decoloured ends to even, glossy beauty.

Ruby Sheen Shampoo—for those who do not wish to tint. SHAMPOO brings hair new life and lovely silken sheen. Makes it beautifully soft and amenable to setting. Recommended for every hair shade and type and for all members of the family.

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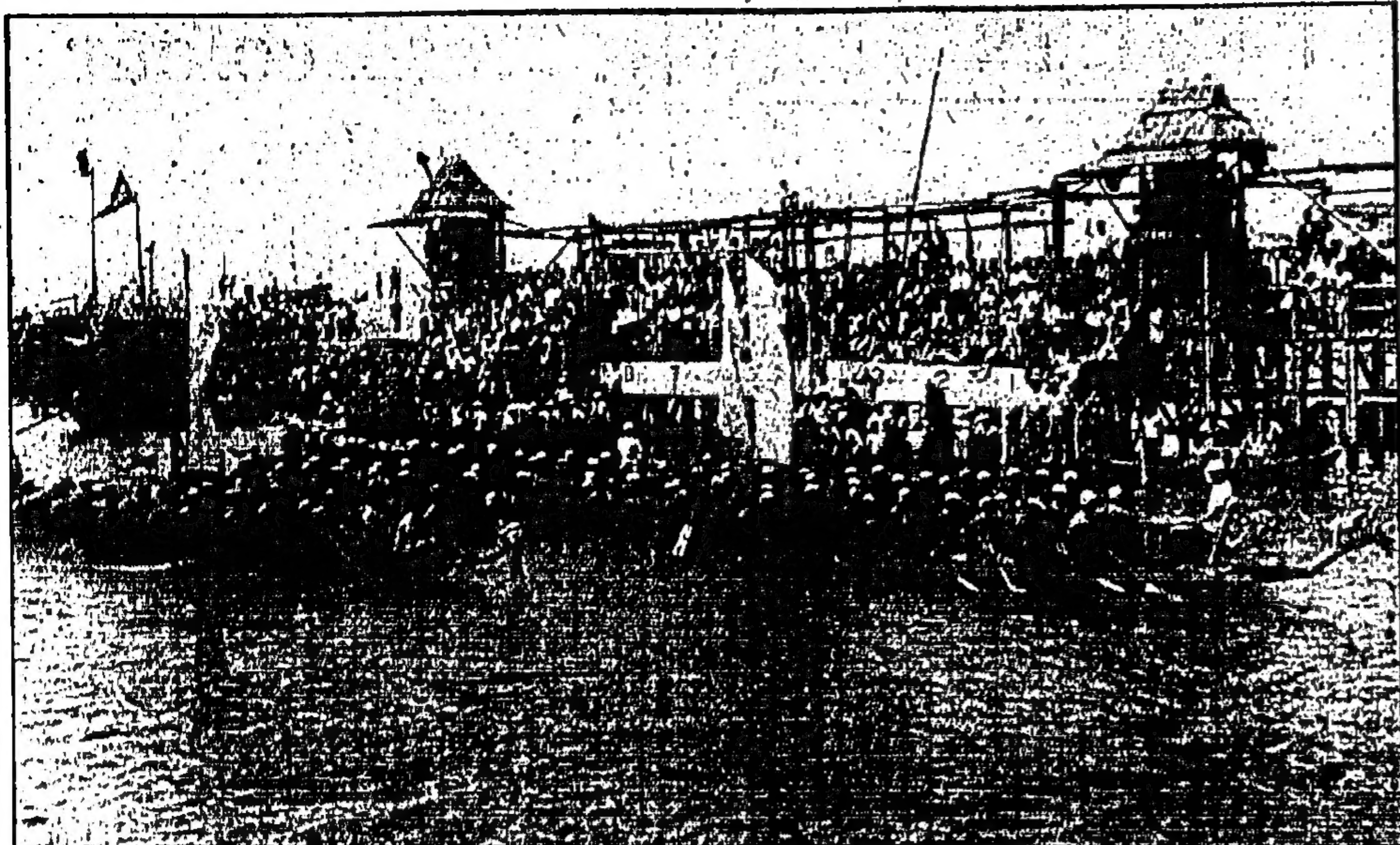
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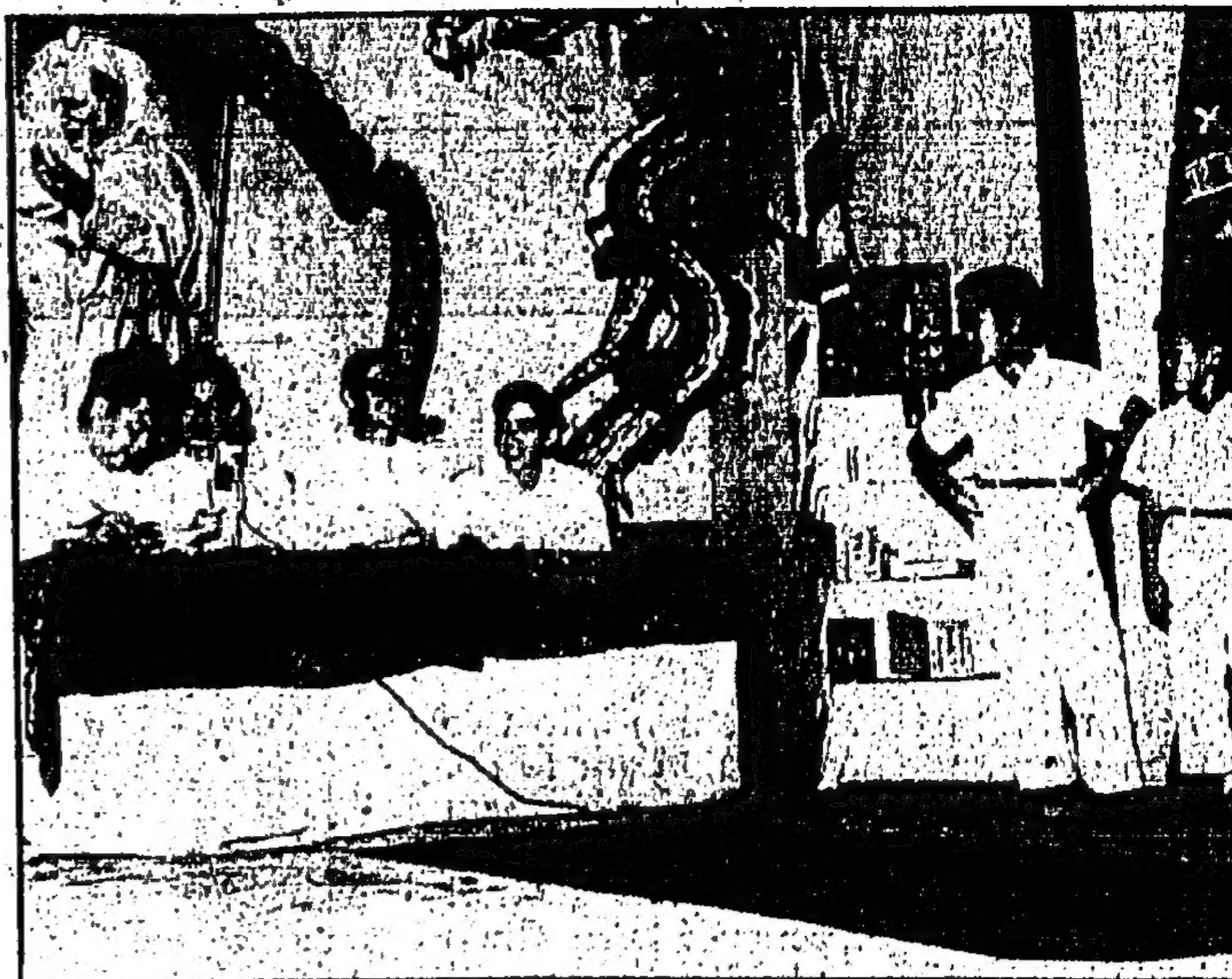
Orders Accepted—Deliveries Undertaken



THE colourful Dragon Boat Festival was observed throughout the Colony last Saturday when races were held at various points on the Island and New Territories. Seen above is the start of the race at Kennedy Town while, at right, is pictured a boat-load of European paddlers who took part in one of the contests.

RIGHT: Mrs V. C. Verbi, wife of Col. Verbi, ADMS, Hongkong, presenting a prize to a successful competitor after the Royal Army Medical Corps swimming gala at Victoria Barracks recently.

BELOW: Mr W. K. Thomson (right), Deputy Registrar-General, making a farewell presentation to Mr W. Anuarin Jones, Registrar-General, who has been appointed Commissioner for the Revision of Laws in Kenya.



LEFT: Little Chan Luen answers some questions in a Biblical knowledge contest at the Salesian School, while his friend, Tong Shum-chiu, awaits his turn. The panel (seated) seem happy with Chan's replies so far.

BELOW: The Hon. Ngan Shing-kwan and Mrs Ngan chat with Mr W. J. Gorman, chief officer of the Hongkong Fire Brigade during a dinner given by officers and men of the Hongkong Fire Brigade celebrating the award of the OBE by Her Majesty the Queen to Mr Gorman.



★ ★ ★
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RIGHT: Mr T. Brandel, out-going Swedish Consul-General, giving a farewell speech to members of the United Nations Association of Hongkong. On left is Mr Ma Man-fai.

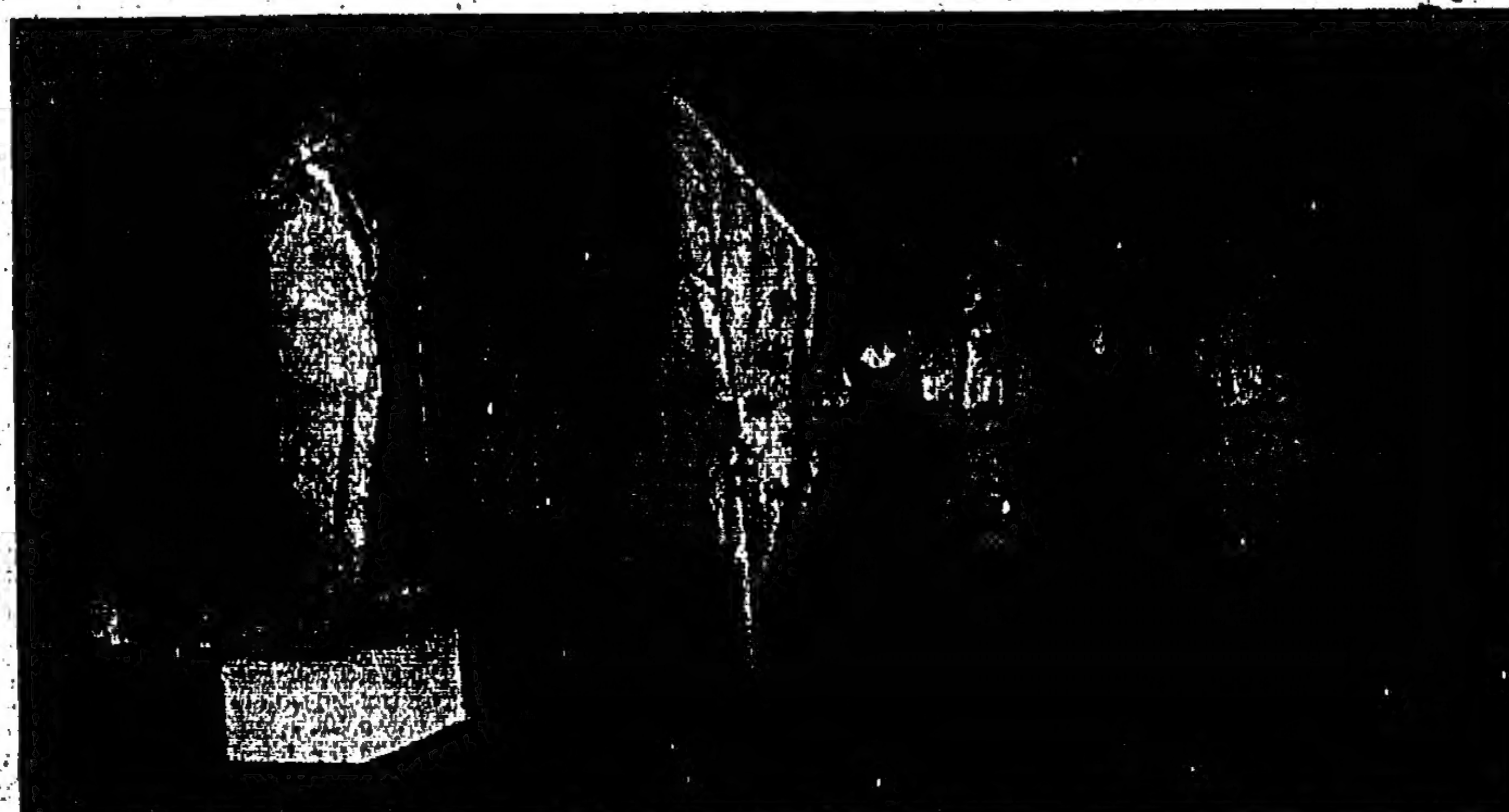


BELOW: His Excellency the Governor laid the foundation stone of the new Wanchai youth leaders' training centre on Wednesday. He is pictured giving the Scouts' Salute as a contingent of Boy Scouts from the Boys' and Girls' Clubs Association march past during a parade preceding the ceremony.



ABOVE: Father Cyril Wagner (behind microphone) and Father Joseph McCormack (gesturing) at a Press conference at the Catholic Centre last Saturday after arriving in the Colony from a Communist prison in Shanghai.

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ABOVE: The Malayan Association held an "At Home" party for the visiting students from the University of Malaya last week. The guests are seen helping themselves to the Malayan-style buffet dinner.

LEFT: Mr. Fred Waters of Associated Press, kisses his bride, the former Miss Mary Jane Ramsay, Cathay Pacific Airways flight stewardess, after their wedding at the Registry last Friday.



ABOVE: Miss Barbara Black, daughter of the Governor, models the June Bride of 1958 in the finale of the YWCA's spectacular bridal show at the Gloucester Hotel on Wednesday. Preceding her were (l-r) Miriam Coxhead and Victoria Wilshaw, as flower girls, and the bridesmaids (background) were Misses Diana Hooton (left) and Lindy Parks. Seen at right are Miss Encarnita Abiera (left) who flew up from Manila to model the Philippines bride in a beautiful fitted gown of white lace, and Mrs. Vickie Shelley who modelled the Spanish bride in a full-skirted creation of tiered lace with a becoming mantilla designed by herself. The successful show was in aid of four YWCA charities—the Rooftop Children's Clubs, the YWCA Nurseries, the Children's Play Centre and the Faith Hope Nursery.



ABOVE: Mr. R. M. K. Slater (right), chief of the Foreign Office Information Executive Department, was fêted at a cocktail party at the Gloucester Hotel last week. He is pictured chatting with Mr. Leslie Smith (center), Hongkong representative of the Regional Information Office, and Father Sheridan.

LEFT: Mr. and Mrs. Hans Waldmeier after their wedding at Rosary Church last Saturday. The bride is the former Miss Sylvia Luix.



RIGHT: H.E. the Governor greeted by Mr. Fung Ping-ian, on arrival with Lady Black (left) at St. John's Cathedral on Sunday for the annual commemoration service of St. John's Ambulance Brigade.

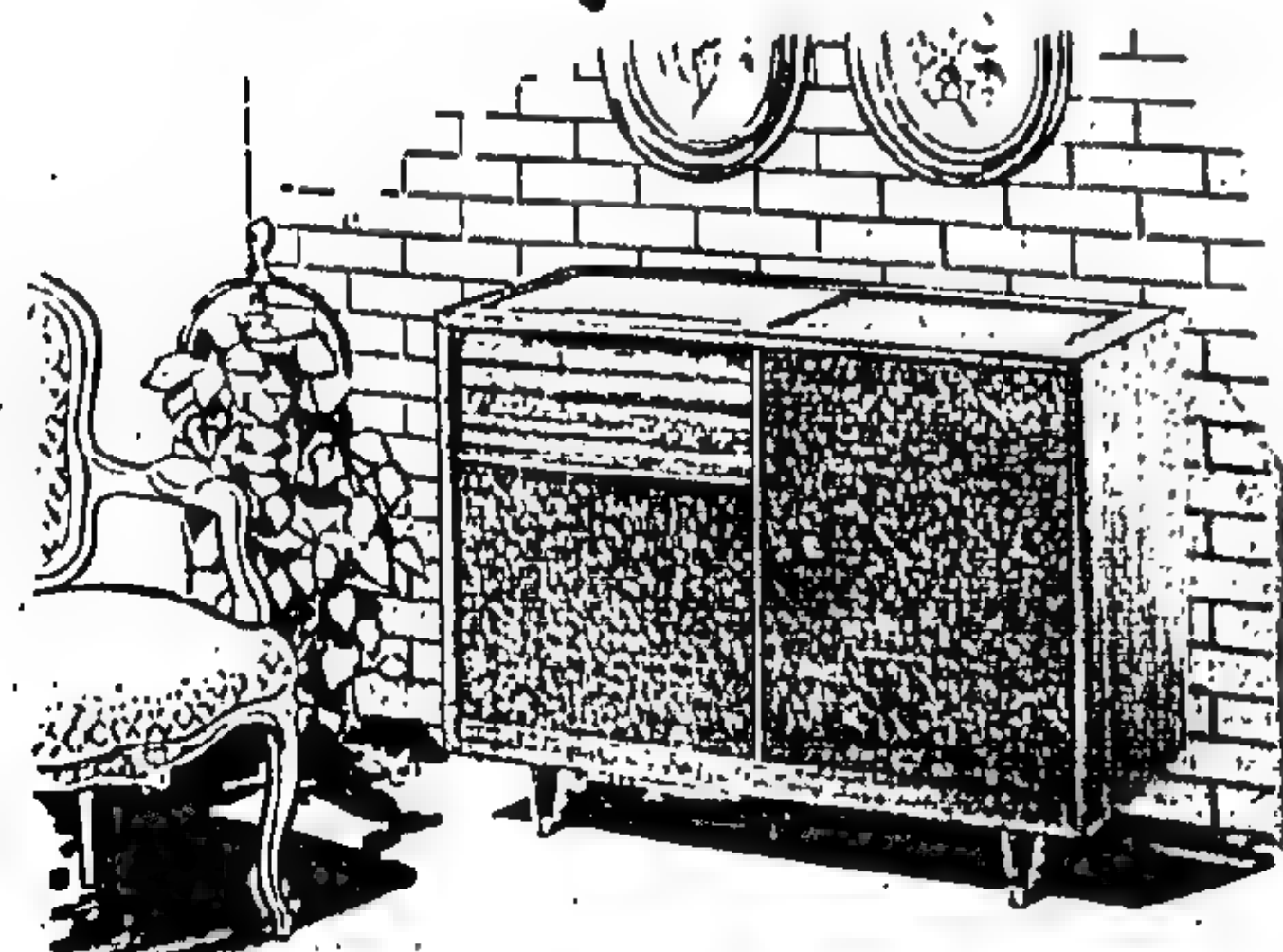
★ By China Mail Photographers ★



BELOW: Mr. G. A. R. Wright-Nooth, Assistant Commissioner of Police, takes the salute at the passing-out parade at the Police Training School, Aberdeen, when 30 Cantonese recruit police constables graduated.

WESTINGHOUSE

HIGH FIDELITY
Photographs



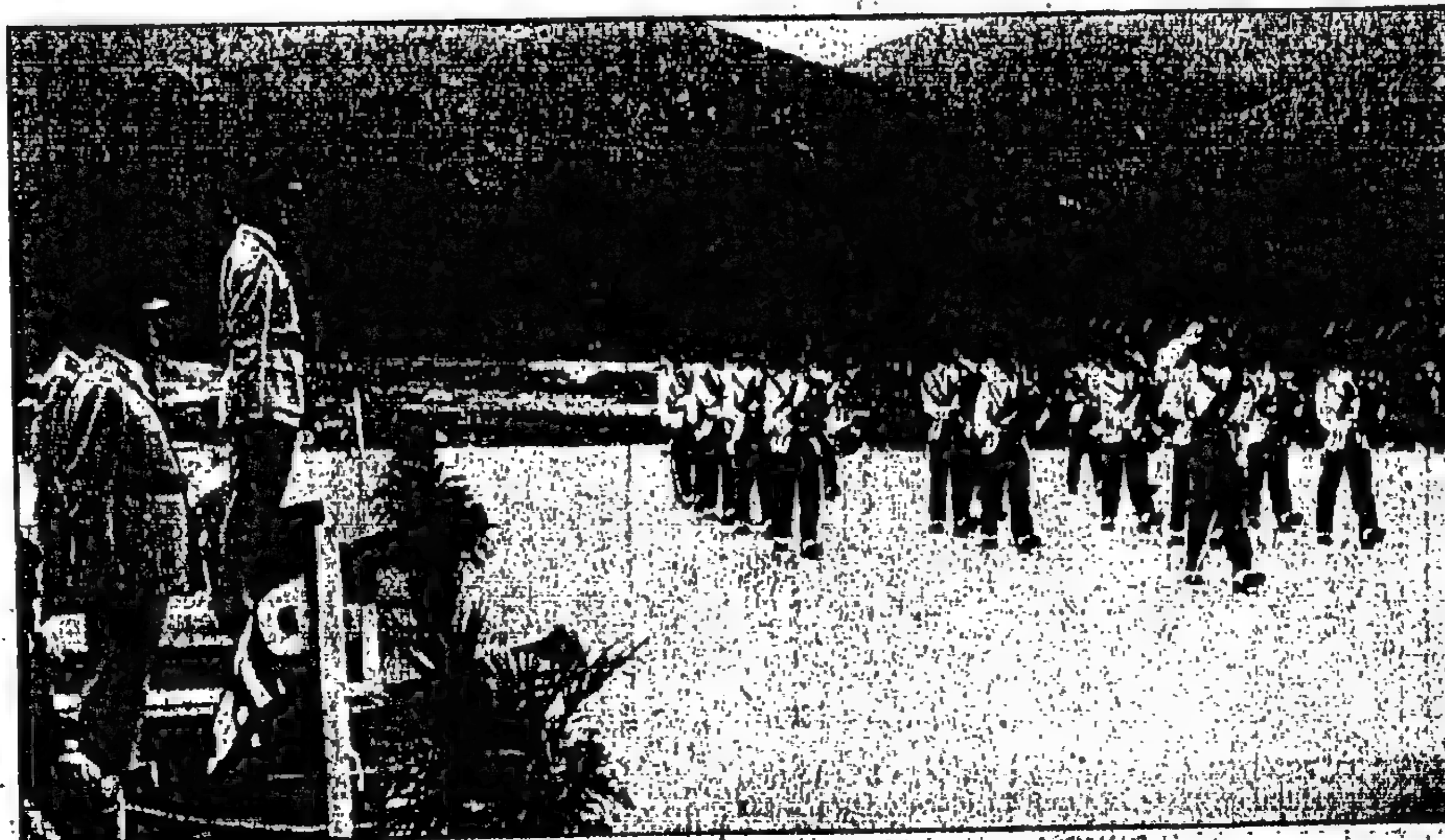
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ONCE a girl says: "Even I am impressed with the money I'm earning," things between you can never be quite the same—particularly if you happen to be a man.

Another girl will covet the wide gold bracelets (watch-inset), the expensively asymmetrical ring, the high-priced understatement of a couture suit (orange) with a print blouse (pink), the hard-to-keep-up sun-tan and the harder-to-keep-up hair (blonde, twisted high off the neck), and she'll merely feel a shabby failure by comparison. But a man? Well, once he knows your facets and your

assets and finds the only way he'll grow more accustomed to your face is by switching on his television in company with your 23,000,000 other fans then he gets to feeling more like an obstacle to your plans than an answer to your prayers.

Her lines

THIS much I've gathered from a meeting with the highest-paid woman in American ad-

vertising, TV salacandy Betty Furness.

Nine years ago this week Miss Furness stopped acting and started demonstrating. She swapped dramatic lines for electric lines and by showing housewives from New York to New Mexico that they too could have a push-button kitchen—she became a national symbol for the labour-saving American way of life.

She works nine months of the year for around £20,000. She has a New York apartment (Don Loper-decorated) and spends half her time in California. Her wardrobe—nearly £3,000 worth of clothes annually not counting furs—is so extensive it has to be cross-indexed.

She's reached the point of fame where Bob Hope can make cracks about her and everybody laughs.

It has, as she says, proved "a rewarding career from every angle."

But she was not, I suspect, including the domestic angle. Twice-married, with an 18-year-old daughter, Miss Furness has stayed single for the past eight years.

"I've learned that if a woman's really serious about her career it's almost impossible to make a marriage work," she told me.

The master

"It seems to be wrong chemically," she went on. "The man must be the master... he must have his interests

centered to all the time. It's no good when two people are almost competing with each other over success."

"Working for me, is like taking dope—I'm damned, but I'm stuck with it. And because I love it I don't want to stop."

A slim 42, with the sort of legs that make American women recognized the world over, Miss Furness has, however, arrived in London without her dope-kick.

"New York? It's dark, dirty, and a constant struggle. You have to dress up to go down to the drug-store for a tube of toothpaste and you must wait until mid-July to be in the sun."

"That's why I like working in California—I can wear slacks there's room to drive my Thunderbird around... and each noon I can stop everything and go sunbathe."

"The only problem is my housekeeper prefers New York and, of course, my daughter's college is in Massachusetts."

How does an 18-year-old feel when her mother's identified throughout the States with refrigerators and vacuum cleaners?

"Well, she was embarrassed for a few years," gurgled the "Queen of the Kitchen Commercials." "But now she wants to be an actress herself. It's rather different."

I couldn't help wondering if demonstrating electrical appliances can really be classed as acting, so I asked Miss Furness

whether she found her work completely fulfilling.

She fingered the orange and pink flowers round her chignon before answering.

"Sometimes it's not enough to satisfy me," she said frankly. "And there's no question that I do miss acting."

And INCIDENTALLY.....

I took a glass of "Eve's and orange"—champagne and squash—with wealthy racehorse owner Stanhope last yesterday morning before he left for the Derby.

A resident of Bermuda since 1950, Mr. Joel still has about 30 horses in training at Newmarket and in Ireland—at a cost of around £800 a year each animal.

Are they, then, a paying investment? Mr. Joel shook with laughter at this suggestion. "Definitely not," he rumbled. "It's only when you get a classic win that you get a bit of capital back—and I haven't had one for 13 years. Why, in order to keep my horses in Britain I had to go and live in Bermuda."

There we were in her little flat over the hairdresser's behind Buckingham Palace—the one who calls her "telephone booth." And there was Sue (four times

married) ... all gold and white and glittering.

"How do you do it, Sue?" asked someone. "You got prettier all the time. What's the secret?"

With a laugh the texture of precious metal, Mrs. Wilding told her: "I just keep on getting married!"

If you should have got the impression in recent weeks that the French have abandoned the French for tawdry, take heart from this little anecdote.

On the terrace of the Carlton Hotel at Cannes, an Englishman was saying goodbye to his wife—she was staying on with some friends.

Turning to a Frenchman in the party, he said: "Keep her on ice for me, old boy."

"On ice?" repeated the Frenchman incredulously. "Oh, you cold English! In France we say: 'Keep her warm for me, mon ami.' Is different, no?"

Yes.

—Patricia Lewis

Women Vary In Ability To Love Their Children

By HERMAN N. BUNDESEN, M.D.

ALL women do not have the same capacity for motherhood. You don't automatically acquire the proper maternal instinct simply by becoming a mother. You either have it or you don't have it.

Have Limitations

While I realize that the vast majority of you mothers love your children more than life itself, there are some women who just don't have the capacity for such love. They are born with limitations in their maternal drive.

The sooner these women and society come to realize this, the better off these mothers and their children will be.

This was brought to my attention while back at a meeting of the American Congress on Maternal Care here in Chicago.

Dr. Phillip Seltz of the Chicago Institute for Psychoanalysis pointed out this lack-of-mother-instinct theory after studying the maternal habits of various animals.

Reject Their Young

Some animals, he reported, show they reject their offspring by throwing them out of the

family home, or by not seeking to recover them once they are taken away. Women, also, he found, have varying abilities to love children.

Women who teach in nursery schools or serve as nurses in hospital nurseries and pediatric wards generally have a surplus capacity for motherhood. So do many social workers, he learned. They may love any number of children.

Yet other women might have the capacity to love one person, but not two.

Usually such women feel guilty about not loving all their children equally and overextend themselves trying to compensate for it. This actually might make them resent the child even more and the child, realizing it, will reject the mother's solicitous attitude.

Realistic Plans

The first step toward solving the problem, Dr. Seltz recommends, is for society to realize that all mothers are not perfect; that some do not have the capacity to love all their children equally.

The mothers also must recognize their true feelings. Once a realistic evaluation of their capacity is made, they generally will be able to do a better job with whatever capacity they may have. They can make realistic plans.

For some, this may mean obtaining additional mothering for their children by sending them to nursery schools and the like.

These mothers must not feel inadequate. They are born with limitations in their maternalistic composition and there's not much they can do about it.

FOR THE BATHROOM

By ELEANOR ROSS

MOST men, of course, leave the decorating of the home to their wives.

They meekly, or seemingly so, sleep in a frothy bedroom papered with roses, and they shower behind curtains printed in cute little patterns. Their bath towels are just as fetching and the mat they step on is usually a heavenly shade of blue or pink.

Bathroom Fixtures

Sometimes, they even find flowers painted on the bathroom fixtures.

To the ladies, such ideas are divine, but what their menfolk think is something else again.

Consider the man of the house when you are decorating. After all, he's the one who'll pay for the artistic touch in a room as well as anyone else, but he also likes to relax in an atmosphere that is congenial.

We were somewhat cheered the other day by a new line of bath accessories. Some kind somebody had given a thought to the men.

Handsome Patterns

These new bath towels—large size, of course—are trimmed with a two-inch chenille border. Bath mats are sculptured cotton, real he-man size and terrifically handsome. The shower curtain pattern—towel hanging on rings—is really dramatic and certainly appropriate.

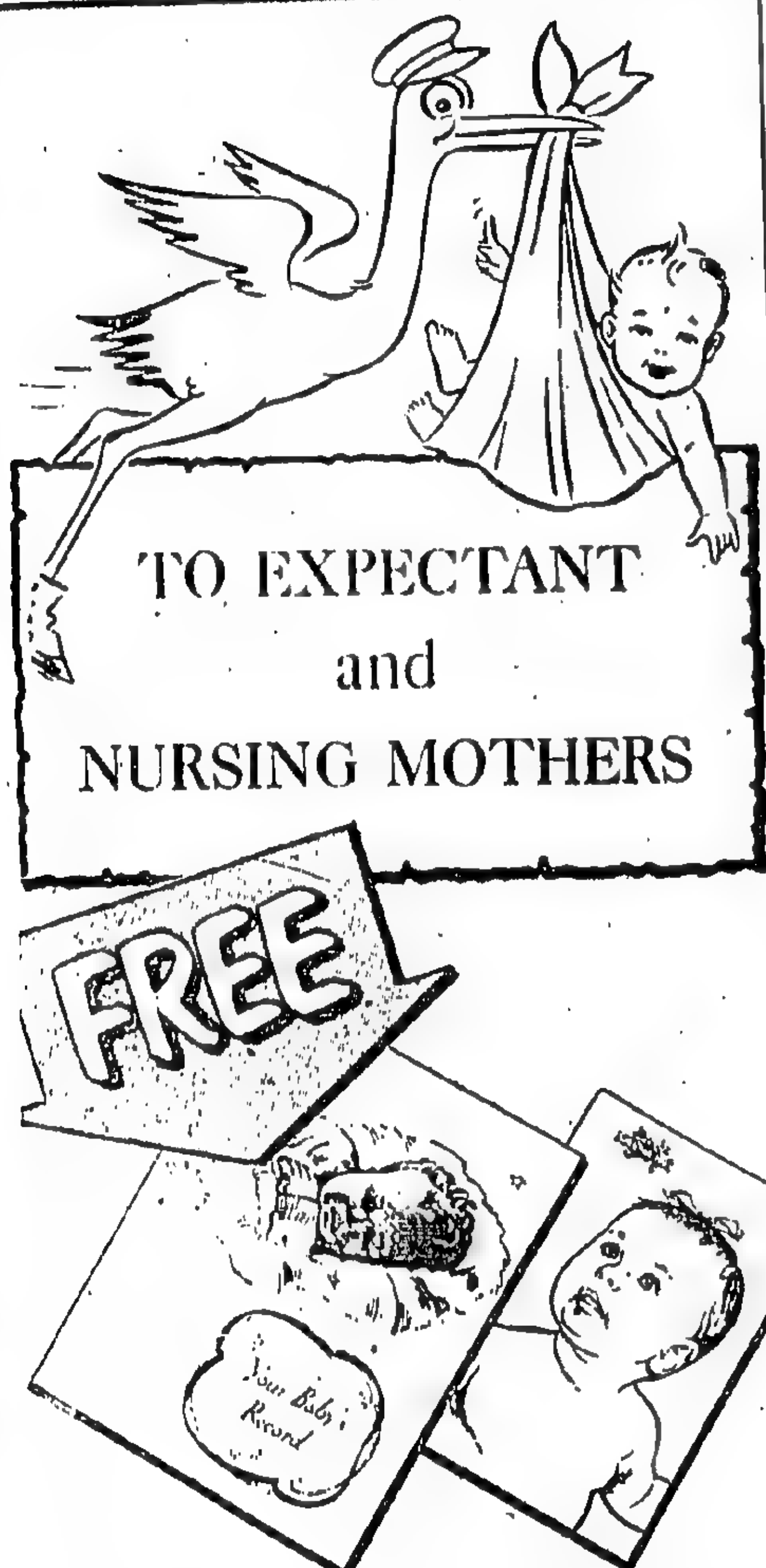
Household Hints

If you're new to housekeeping, you may not be familiar with the advantages of "baking" or "baking" bread. Actually, it should not be baked, but simmered—usually with vegetables, and often served with horseradish sauce.

In buying blankets, look for a piece with a generous layer of fat between two strips of wool.

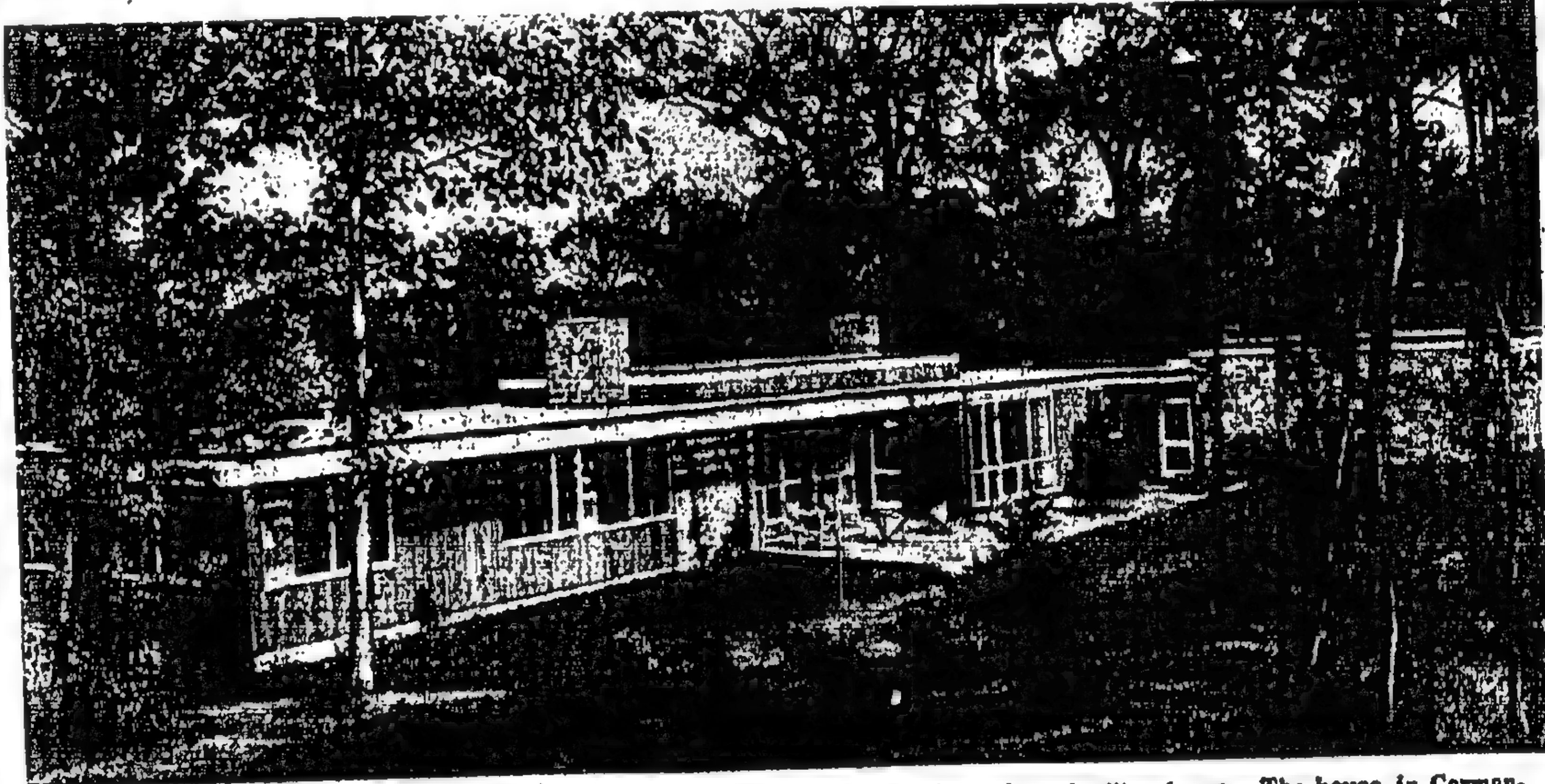
When mattresses or upholstery are attacked by mildew mould, brush them thoroughly, then clean with the upholstery attachment of the vacuum cleaner. If necessary, sponge the spots with thick soap suds, upholstery cleaner, or an equal mixture of denatured alcohol and water. Do not let stuffings become wet through.

To keep ladders from slipping or marring floors, nail a rubber shoe heel to the bottom of each leg.

Baby's First Years
RECORD BOOK
and
The Lactogen
MOTHER BOOK

THE LACTOGEN MOTHER BOOK is a 79 page publication with a commonsense approach to all the important aspects of Motherhood. Not only during the days of waiting but during the early months of life when there will be laid the foundation of a happy and healthy childhood. This publication covers such subjects as preparation for Motherhood, the premature baby, the first months, baby's routine. Artificial feeding, breast feeding, teething, minor ailments associated with infancy.

BABY'S FIRST YEARS RECORD BOOK, a really smart publication with pages for the recording of many fascinating details of baby's birth, progress, christening, first remarks and actions, photographs and family tree, etc.



ARCHITECT ELIZABETH and Landscape Architect Horace Fleisher call this modern dwelling home. The house, in Germantown, Philadelphia, is built of local Valley Forge stone, which has an attractive pinkish cast, and stained cypress boards that are backed with concrete block.

THEIR VERY OWN

By JOAN O'SULLIVAN

ARCHITECTS spend their lives designing homes to please others. What happens when they finally build their own house?

In the case of one husband and wife team the venture proved perfect!

Pooled Talents

Elizabeth and Horace Fleisher—she's an architect, he's a landscape architect—pooled their talents to build a home for themselves in Germantown, Philadelphia. A labour of love, it resulted in a house that fulfilled all their aims

for interior comfort and exterior beauty. Proof of a home's success is in the living and, after four years, the Fleishers haven't a fault to find with their very own house.

Before blueprints, they had four aims in mind. Whatever the shape or size of the house, it had to:

1. Exploit the potentialities of the site as regards view, slope, existing trees and woodlands.

2. Create an interior suitable for informal entertaining and large enough to accommodate large groups.

3. Afford privacy both indoors and out.

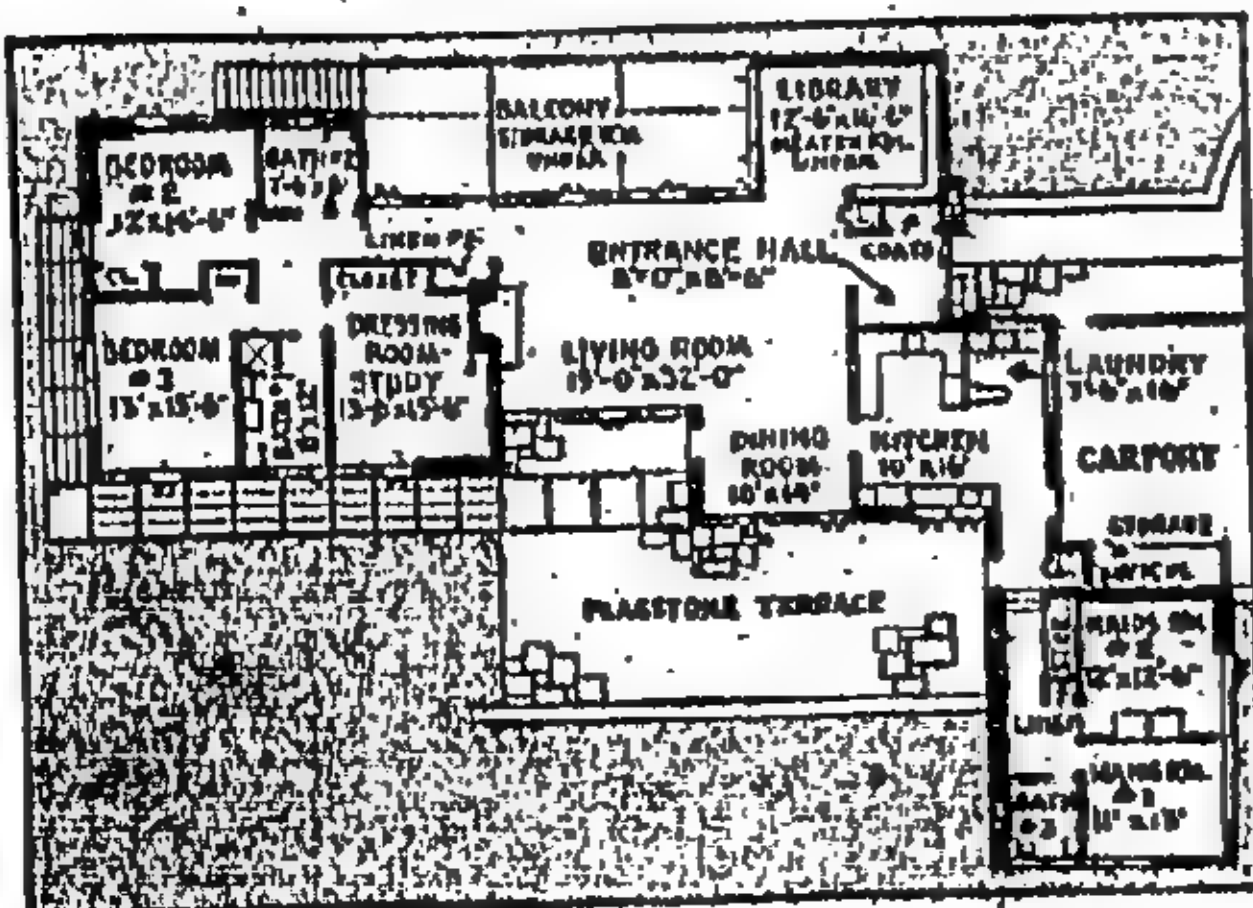
4. Be easy to service and maintain.

Their house does all these things.

Long and low, it stretches across the site, blending with the landscape, not distracting from the scenic background.

The house is 200 feet from the road, with even greater privacy achieved by the placement of carport and servants' rooms on the road frontage.

Inside, living space is fluid. Living, dining and library areas are separate, but can be counted on to serve as a single unit for large-scale entertaining.



LIVING, DINING AND library areas can be one unit for entertaining. Laundry and incinerator are near kitchen.



THE FIREPLACE-WALL, in cherry and black walnut, by sculptor Wharton Esherick, dominates the living room. Oiled black slate is used for fireplace facing and the hearth.

JUST LOOK AT THIS!

The Rock bubble's burst

THE CYRIL STAPLETON COLUMN

SANITY has returned to the world of song! The rock and skiffle bubbles have burst.

Vocalists who wore the rock and skiffle tags are dropping them so fast that it sounds like a drum solo in an echo chamber.

While everyone was talking of trends toward this and a grade for that, the real change has taken place. Unnoticed.

Look at the pop record chart teacher's. And though the and what do you see? In a word—variety. There are ballads, instrumentals, girl singers, boy singers, even songs by groups of boys and girls.

There is still also rock and skiffle, you will note. That is, as long as it doesn't hog the show.

Even the most rabid anti-rockers wouldn't deny it a hearing. But no sensible record buyer wants it morning, noon, and night.

That's what we suffered. And recording managers wallowed helplessly in a floodtide of teenage fervour. "We have to give the kids what they want," they gasped.

RESTORATION

The inundation practically engulfed the whole of show business. Debs and downers rocked. "Tight-ironed" Teds rolled. Noble reions skiffled.

But who restored the balance in the long run? Why, the much-maligned kids, of course. They got what they wanted—and far too much of it for their taste.

The craze subsided. Even the wile the moralisers deplored, ceased for crazes sagged. That explains why neither Calypso nor rockabilly really caught on.

The Kwela beat? It has rivelly value, but there are no signs yet of teenage hysteria.

We were so busy looking out for that, the obvious was overlooked. Getting back to normality is an unspectacular task.

One who may make the grade to real stardom is a 17-year-old from the Mile End Road—ex-ecutary Valerie Masters.

She was spotted by the right sort of people, Marlon Ryan heard the girl at her own

"This girl," she insisted earnestly, "you've got to hear."

So Ray went to a talent contest at the People's Palace in the East End, bent an obliging ear and promptly signed young Valerie for five years—which in this hectic industry is a mark of some confidence.

I lightheartedly asked the port Miss Masters what she was aiming for.

"To be a really good singer," she pronounced. "And that doesn't necessarily mean being a successful one."

That kind of old head on those young shoulders, plus a plenitude of talent and a little luck—it would add up to stardom.

Valerie's first record for Fontana is "Secret of Happiness" and "Sharing."

Verdict: distinctly promising.

THE THEME SONG

Today, it doesn't matter if you come from Clapham or Kalamazoo—you can still be a star.

Record fans aren't choosy at all. The talent-spotters are still at it, hunting forth hopefuls from suburban obscurity.

Nineteen-year-old Harry Barnett from Crouch End has recorded their theme song, "All I Have To Do Is Dream."

Let's wish him luck, for so many of the discoveries will be fated to fade away.

The FIRST ELEVEN

- 1 "WHO'S SORRY NOW." Connie Francis, M-G-M. (2)
- 2 "A WONDERFUL TIME UP THERE." Pat Boone, London. (3)
- 3 "WHOLE LOTTA WOMAN." Marvin Rainwater, M-G-M. (1)
- 4 "LOLLIPOP." Mudlarks, Columbia. (10)
- 5 "WEAR MY RING." Elvis Presley, R.C.A. (4)
- 6 "TOM HARK." Ella and her Zig Zag Jive Flutes, Columbia. (7)
- 7 "GRAND COOLIE DAM." Lonnie Donegan, Pye-Nixa. (8)
- 8 "SWINGIN' SHEPHERD BLUES." Ted Heath, Decca. (5)
- 9 "LOLLIPOP." Chordettes, London. (6)
- 10 "IT'S TOO SOON TO KNOW." Pat Boone, London. (13)
- 11 "TEQUILA." The Champs, London. (9)

The 12th Man

THIS WEEK it's still Perry Como with "Magic Moments"—for the second week running.

A rousing cheer for pretty Connie Francis, who took on all the best and bounce of a male-dominated hit parade and massacred the lot. Her "Who's Sorry Now" is now ruling the masculine roost—making her the first girl to make the grade since Doris Day came up with "Que Sera" 18 months ago.

THAT CASUAL gent Dean Martin has nipped back into the American Best Sellers after a lengthy absence. He got back on his estranged partner by becoming a successful film actor in "The Young Lions" after Jerry Lewis had earned a gold record with his straight singing of "Rockabye My Baby."

Now there are whispers that they may team again for a show. Could the new Martin hit record have some significance? It's "Return To Me."

*** MICHAEL HOLLIDAY, "THE STAIRWAY TO LOVE" (Columbia). Several versions of this number are being showcased. This is by far the best because Holliday sings far better than the others. Even so the disc is most remarkable as a reminder of how original stylists are slavishly copied.

Holliday manages to sound even more like Crosby than Perry Como does.

*** FRANKIE VAUGHAN, "NEWIE DOLL" (Phillips). Only the Vaughan vitality lifts this to any value. It puts him ahead of the heavily bootlegged and heavily groaned Perry Como version. But the song, despite the bounce, is basically trash and trashy.

*** FRANK SINATRA and KEELY SMITH, "HOW ARE YOU FIXED FOR LOVE?" (Capitol). Sinatra and Miss Smith make a duet debut well worthy of encores. Song, a swiny, sophisticated beat, is well assisted by a Billy May arrangement. And the style is nicely nostalgic of an old-time duet team called Bing Crosby and Connie Boswell.

TOP RATING: FIVE STARS

TOP POPS

BY JOHN LAMBERT

TOP RATING: FIVE STARS

MEN IN WAR

I hail the closest-to-life dissection yet!

BOOKS . . . BY NANCY SPAIN

I HAVE been so sour about brave new writers for so long that I have forgotten the rare joy of encountering new talent; particularly when it is not angry. So imagine my delight this week to be able to blow bugles, beat drums for M. K. Joseph, who has written a really good first novel, **ALL SOLDIER NO MORE** (Gollancz, 16s.).

When I had finally put it down I felt, "Oh yes. This is the real thing all right. This is the way they really lived in the Army."

The brand new successful novelist is Michael Kennedy Joseph, senior lecturer in English at Auckland University. He is married, has five children, was born in Chingford, Essex, in 1914, was educated in France, New Zealand, and Oxford University.

He joined the Royal Artillery in 1940, served in France, Holland, and Germany until 1946, wrote poetry all the time. He ended the war a bombardier.

So—if anyone is—M. K. Joseph is well qualified to write about the war for his generation in English.

"All Soldier No More" is a compulsively readable, deeply touching, most honest story of a small unit of men caught up in the unheroic scramble of war.

Joseph knows how men worry and are brave, muddle and are frightened, act diffident and vainglorious all at the same time. Half the time they pose, but the rest of the time they do their damndest to win their own little war through six long grey years.

THE SOLDIERS

For example, here is poor Johnny Clarke, the mother's boy, he has married too young a really dreadful wife. She deceives him most sordidly with the boss, with visiting Americans.

an army at all, saw things so differently. And so far we have had only comic versions of the English view.

For my money "All Soldier No More" has them all beaten to a pulp. I only hope some intelligent film company will buy it for England. Otherwise I can see an awfully good part there for Marlon Brando.

INSPIRED

I am always fascinated by courage, particularly of the female kind. So I'd love to meet grandmother, university graduate, ex-medical student Cid Ricketts Sumner, who, at the age of 64, suddenly answered an advertisement and went plunging off down the rapids of the Colorado River with seven men.

TRAVELLER IN THE WILDERNESS (Macdonald, 10s.) is a true story of a woman who could write of herself cheerfully: "If an old enough not to be disturbed in the company of men (no matter what may be their physiological necessities)," who only blenched slightly at rapids with names like Upper, Middle and Lower Disaster, who can dart into a dentist's and lose a tooth the way you or I might lose our glasses, and who can, in the same breath, write of the happy relationship she established with a field mouse.

Strange. This unorthodox, fascinating, delightful woman is really sorry to end her comfortable journey, for it had behind it a rare quality: the quality of inspiration.

HUMANITY

Cid Ricketts Sumner and Michael Kennedy Joseph have this thing in common. Their lives were interrupted suddenly by a deep emotional experience. But Joseph had to go to war. Mrs Sumner need not have volunteered to go down the rapids. Particularly at the age of 64.

"Sixty-four is the right age to adventure," she says. Well, well. That was the year I was rather hoping to retire, weren't you?

THE SCATTERING OF THE ARMADA, decided England's destiny for centuries ahead; but it was not defeated by chance, and the reasons are made plain in a book which is fine reading.

"Serve God one another. Preserve your victuals. Beware of fire. Keep good company." The author quotes these sentiments by Hawkins, adding: "This was not an order pronounced for the benefit of posterity—something which would look well in the history books. It meant precisely what it said, and in those sentences of three words each no more was needed for a voyage in Elizabethan times, when sailors were quarrelsome, vain, ostentatious and careless."

OLIVER WARNER (London Express Service).

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Did Hawkins' words seal the fate of the Armada?

THE ENTERPRISE OF ENGLAND. By Thomas Woodroffe. Faber. 25s.

IT was at Tordesillas (away inland in Old Castile) that Pope Alexander VI divided the unrolling map of the world into two spheres—Spanish and Portuguese.

Far north, in England, Henry VII was at the time saving money for ships, and building the first dry-dock at Portsmouth.

Henry's money led afterwards to a fighting navy, run by officers who, though they were generally described by their enemies as pirates, knew not only how to handle ships, but where to sail them. Prize, and trade, was their quest, not conquest and colonisation; that was a separate issue. Operations of war were expected to pay for themselves, and indeed they sometimes did.

Good sense

Commander Woodroffe, in a book notable for lucidness, colour and good sense, tells the story of the rise of modern seapower in this country.

Eminent among his heroes are John Hawkins, a practical shipwright who founded and organised the fleet of Elizabeth I; Drake, the scourge of the Spaniards, and one of the most skillful leaders who ever went to war; and Lord Howard of Effingham, the grandee who led the "Enterprise of England," the Armada of 1588.

The theme is familiar, but so many things continue to arouse men's pride and wonder, and it is unflatteringly told, with fairness, to those who came off worst.

Scholars may argue details; they are welcome to do so, but they can scarcely dispute the outcome of early success at sea, crowned by the overthrow of the most formidable sea-assault ever mounted, at least until our own noisy days.

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VIGNETTES OF LIFE



YOU HAVE A FEW SECONDS TO TURN AROUND AND ADDRESS THE BACK SEAT DRIVER IN A FEW WELL CHOSEN WORDS.



GO AHEAD—JUST DON'T TRY TO PAY THE FINE WITH THE HOUSE MONEY.



THE PAUSE ALLOWS A FEW SECONDS FOR BLOWING NOSES AND GENERAL OVERHAULING.

Red Light

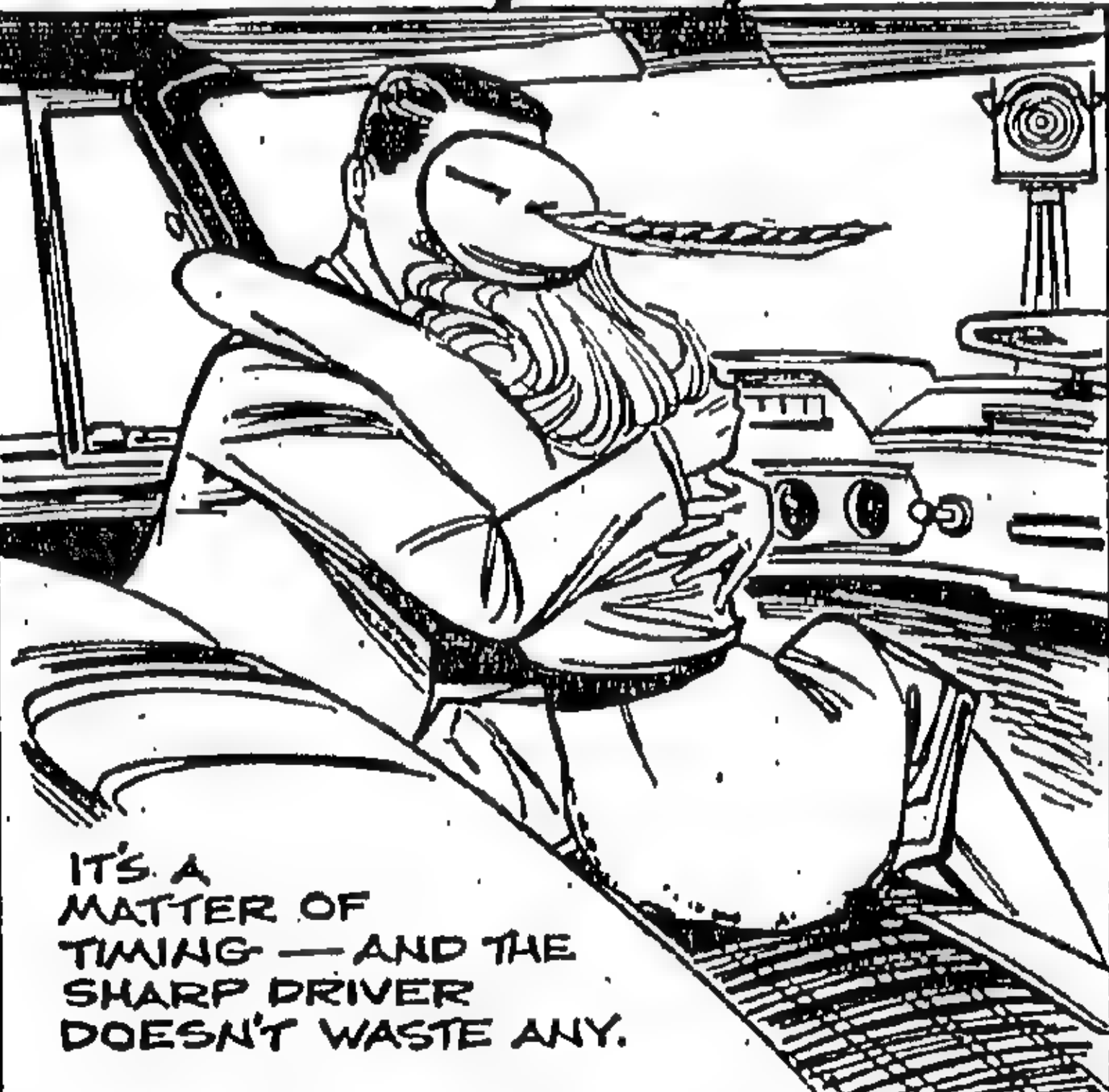


THERE'S TIME FOR QUICK REPAIRS AND ADJUSTMENTS IF THE FACE AND FIGURE HAVE LOST SOME OF THEIR GIRLISH CHARM AND FEMINE ALLURE.



—AND IF THE FAMILY PET IS ON BOARD, YOU HAVE TIME TO SLAP IT DOWN AND MAKE IT GET OFF THE STEERING WHEEL.

By Harry Weinert



IT'S A MATTER OF TIMING—AND THE SHARP DRIVER DOESN'T WASTE ANY.



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"RED LIGHT!" SCREAMS THE FIRST MATE—THEREBY CAUSING YOU TO STALL HALFWAY BETWEEN THIRD BASE AND HOME.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

● **THE RING-GIVERS**, by W. H. Canaway.... The first best-seller in Britain was the story of Beowulf, tough chieftain of the heroic age, who was noted for fantastic deeds of strength among our flaxen-haired ancestors in Denmark and neighbouring lands before they brought their long-crowned ships here to conquer. Years later Beowulf's pagan story was still recited at meal-times in the monasteries. Now it has been brought splendidly up to date in this adult novel of blood and action—a kind of Anglo-Saxon Shane, in which our sixth-century forefathers love, fight, and feud with all the ruthlessness of the old Texas cattle-barons. An exciting and enthralling book. (Michael Joseph, 15s.)

● **HEAD IN THE CLOUDS**, by Marjorie Hanning-Lee. There is a sad double irony about this self-fold story of the life of an air hostess. First, it was written in 1957, while the book was still at the printers—its author was killed on duty in the Isle of Wight air crash. It was scheduled for publication on February 9. On that day occurred the Munich air disaster. In the grim aftermath the book was barely reviewed at all. A great pity. Muriel's story is genial, informative, and, despite the pathos which surrounds it, should please many readers. (Hodder, 12s. 6d.)

I CALL IT THE STREET OF 10,000 TEMPTATIONS!

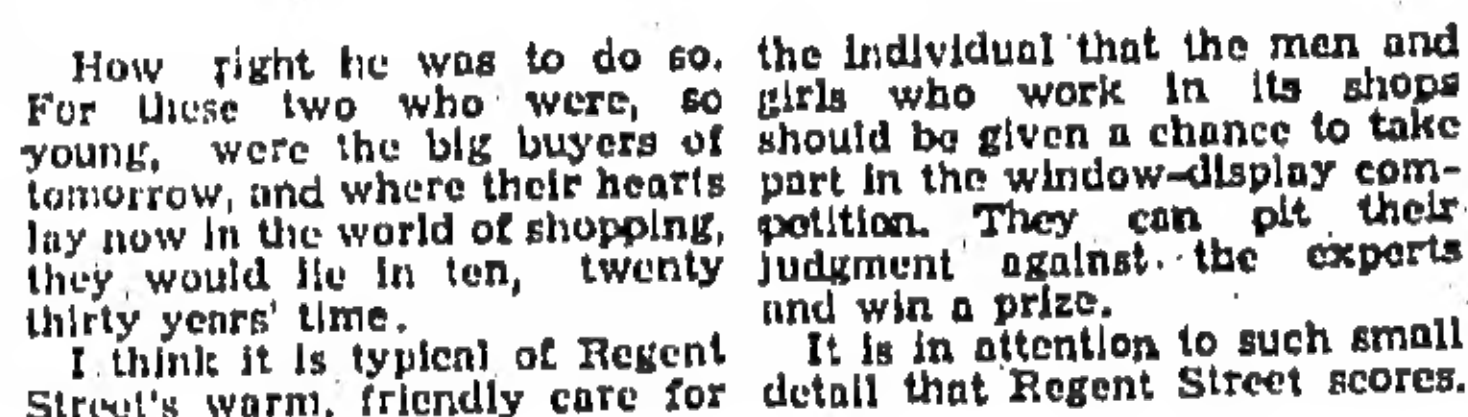
By JOHN CLARKE

THE SPIRIT

If London were an Eastern city, Regent Street might have a longer, more picturesque name. The Street of Ten Thousand Temptations would suit it well. For you can buy anything there, from kite-string to gold plate; and the scale on which they do things is fairly told by one of the signs on the street.

- ★ Regent Street occupies over 18 columns—164 inches of small print—in the Post Office London Directory.
- ★ It has 13 banks, two night clubs, tourist offices of, among others, Blackpool and Bermuda, two pearl-stringers, and a polled shrimps firm.
- ★ The Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge has a book shop in Regent Street, the Wells Church Fund Raising Organisation had its offices there, and the Seventh Day Adventists have a cinema.

- ★ There are clothing firms by the hundreds, and neat differentials appear—like the swim suit maker next door to a manufacturer of bathing costumes.
- ★ There are film, variety, theatrical, and turf commission agents, an office of the Uganda Electricity Board, and one of the German Sleeping and Dining Car Co.
- ★ Every working day 58 postmen deliver 37,000 letters to offices and shops.



A BAND of volunteers—bank clerks, farmers, factory workers, shop assistants—will go underground to plot nuclear fall-out over Britain in an H-Bomb war.

A network of below-ground observation posts is being built for the men of the Royal Observer Corps, wartime eyes and ears of Fighter Command.

And into them is going advanced recording equipment tested at Woomera and Christmas Island.

Two hundred posts are already built or are under construction and 500 should be in use by the end of next year.

Eventually all 1,500 above-ground posts will have underground cellars attached.

LIETY?

are clothing firms by the
a, and neat differentials ap-
swim suit maker next door
lures of bathing costumes.

It includes a ground zero indicator—a crude, pin-hole camera—for recording a nuclear bomb burst's position and height, a bomb power indicator for measuring pressure of blast, and a survey meter to give

working day 58 postmen delivered 1000 letters to offices and

by **PETER FORSTER**

LATE IN LIFE

international. As such, his fortunes varied. He knew most of the courts and Kings of Europe; also many of the prisons and public hospitals. He experienced considerable wealth and crushing poverty. His work was almost always dangerous, and he realised that he had come to sudden death only when he took off his wig and an assassin's bullet fell from ill!

Theodore was born in the late sixteenth-century in Germany, of a solid Westphalian stock. Finally, after long and arduous negotiations, he was retained for him the post of page at Louis XIV's court at Versailles.

Two years later his case was reopened. Horace Walpole wrote a horribly tasteless satire in exploring a subscription for the fallen monarch and suggesting a benefit performance of "King Lear".

Garrick, generous as ever, gave a benefit, but as this raised only £50 Theodore thought he had been swindled and threatened proceedings.

Eventually, Theodore declared himself insolvent. Brought to court for the court and told to state his assets and possessions, he made his famous reply: "I have nothing."

TASTE FOR LUXURY

The grandiose court of the Roi Soleil gave him a taste for luxury and a grounding in chicanery that decided the course of his life. For a while he went to war with the French cavalry, then entered the service of Baron Goertz, Chief Minister to the ascetic warrior king, Charles XII of Sweden.

After Charles XII's death he transferred his allegiance to Alberoni, the current master of Spain, arriving there in a coach crammed with valuables.

But Alberoni was overthrown before he arrived, and Theodore

His story ends in complete degradation. A mock lying

DEGRADATION

But Alberoni was overthrown before he arrived, and Theodore was soon reduced to poverty. Madrid, however, had seriously injured every great adventurer. He always had at least one piece of miraculous good luck, and this happened to Theodore when a veiled lady stole into his sick-room one afternoon and left a

His story ends in complete degradation. A mocking jester was arranged in the tailor's back room, an old fashioned scarlet coat thrown over Theodore's body, an empty scabbard by his side, his name written on the wall with his head. The price of his admission is unknown, but the attendance was said to be remarkable.

Letter he warned that she was a Maid-in-Waiting to the Queen of Spain, and had fallen in love with him; Theodore therefore married her. But he soon found himself dull, and his wife even duller. And when he learned that she was expecting a baby he decamped to Paris—with her jewelry.

WENT OVER

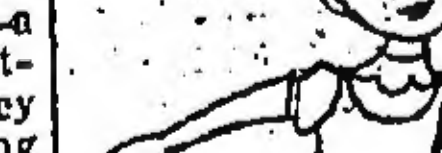
There he ingratiated himself with the French by informing them of Spanish secrets; then went over to the Austrians, arriving with important French state documents. This coup put Theodore in the top class of European spies, and he travelled extensively and luxuriously in the employ of Fitzdumfries, the Duke of Hamilton.

Austrian Chancellor. In
he went to live in Rome.

I. was here that Corsica entered his life. The islanders were in revolt against their overlords, the Genoese. Theodore was able to arrange some Austrian support for the Corsicans, and a number of exiled rebels

seeming stranger—for Theodore was nothing if not eloquent—a possible saviour for their not-very-successful cause; they begged him to lead a liberating expedition. More a Corsican than a royal family they offered him the crown, which he cheerfully accepted.

So Theodore severed his Austrian connection and went off to the Turkish aid. Surviving capture by Moorish sea-pirates he reached the Bosphorus.



UNTIMELY DEATH

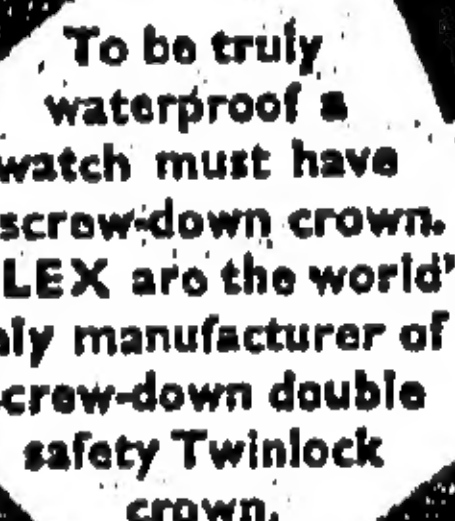
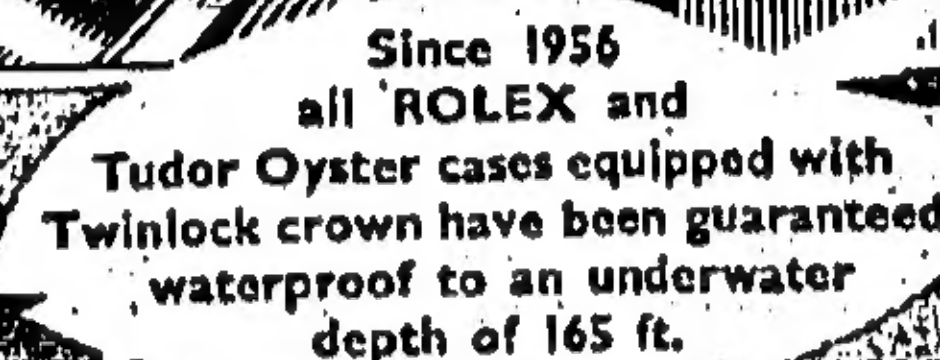
At first all went well. Hun-
garian rebels were enrolled in
support and Theodore very
neatly managed to stir up a

general European war against the Holy Roman Empire in order to secure his little island kingdom. But the untimely

death of Rakoczi, the Hungarian patriot leader, brought the intended alliance to nothing.

Then there were other delays, and eventually Theodore, now somehow in Tunis, borrowed a ship from the son of the British Consul and set sail for Corsica.

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DRAMA ON THE CENTRE COURT

She Was Wimbledon's Bravest Champion

By DENNIS HART

"Game, set and match to..."

The umpire's monotone was drowned in the cheers of 18,000 spectators packing the Centre Court on that sweltering July day.

Never had a Wimbledon crowd applauded with such feeling. For never had there been a champion like Doris Hart.

Here was a girl who had fought all the way, not only to climb the ladder of success but even to get on to the first rung.

When she was one year old, she contracted an infection in the knee. An operation saved her leg, but left her permanently maimed. Or so the doctors thought.

The "cripple" grew up to be a great tennis player but alongside such stars as Louise Brough and her brilliant doubles partner Margaret Osborne, now Mrs. Du Pont.

Twice Doris Hart got to the Wimbledon final, only to lose to Margaret Osborne in 1947 and to Louise Brough the following year.

In 1949, eye trouble put her out of action, and the next Wimbledon saw her hopes dashed once more by the all-powerful Louise Brough.

Memorable Triple

Back came the gallant Doris Hart in 1951—this time to sweep all before her. She won the singles title and shared the victory in the women's doubles and the mixed doubles to complete a memorable triple success.

In the women's singles final, Doris Hart came up against her room-mate and travelling companion on many world tours, Shirley Fry.

A determined fighter on the court, Miss Fry had beaten Louise Brough to get to the final. But, once there, she was completely outclassed in one of the most brilliant tennis exhibitions that even Wimbledon had ever seen.

It had everything—services and smashes of overwhelming power, ground shots so accurate

that they frequently kicked up the base-line chalk, stop volleys that time and again dropped the ball just over the net—all executed with the touch of an artist.

Over In 35 Minutes

It was over in 35 minutes, with Doris Hart the winner by 6-1 6-0.

An hour later, Doris Hart and Shirley Fry were back on the court to contest the Women's Doubles final against Louise Brough and Margaret Du Pont, Wimbledon champions for the past three years.

Champions for the past nine, and acknowledged as the greatest ever women's doubles pair.

In twenty minutes, Doris Hart and Shirley Fry had won the first set 6-3. The reigning champions recovered in the second set and rushed to a 5-2 lead. But back came Doris Hart and Shirley Fry to win 11-9 and take the match.

So Doris Hart, the girl who had tried so hard and failed so gallantly, now had two Wimbledon titles.

Within a few minutes of gaining the second, she was back on the court and, on her way to winning title No. 3, the mixed doubles, in partnership with Australian Frank Sedgman.

Great Favourite

Doris Hart was always a great favourite at Wimbledon. She sees tennis for what it is—a sport.

She never regards a doubtful decision by an umpire or linesman as a cause for argument or



DORIS HART

sulky moods. She will give an appreciative smile for a good shot by her opponent.

Miss Hart plays tennis as she has lived—calmly and courageously.

When she began to play in a public park, people stared at the twisted knee, the awkward gait.

Yet, had it not been for that lame little Doris Hart, might never have won at Wimbledon, might never, in fact, have become a tennis player.

Frail Six-Year-Old

When she was a frail six-year-old, her parents bought her a racket, hoping that tennis would strengthen her legs and bolster her confidence.

From hitting a ball about the back garden with her brother, Doris soon "graduated" to the courts in the park adjoining her home in St. Louis—to the dismay of her doctors, who had advised her against strenuous exercise.

But tennis had already become a part of her life—a big part. By swinging a tennis racket, she had learned to enjoy herself like ordinary children. She could not give that up.

So Doris Hart kept at her tennis—and went on to that memorable Wimbledon of 1951.

World's Best Referee

Arthur Ellis has lost his title of world's best referee to "Tubby" Duch. This opinion, expressed by the majority of League referees and line-men gathered at Weston-super-Mare last weekend for their annual conference, will be endorsed by TV viewing millions who saw the German's complete control of England's ill-fated replay, with Russia.

"If West Germany are not involved, Duch should be a cast iron certainty to be given charge of the World Cup final this Sunday," said Cup final referee Alf Bond.

HISTORIES OF THE CLUBS

Ended First Season With Two Shillings—70 Years Later Paid £30,000 For One Player

By TIM GORDON

In recent seasons, the Leicester City club has figured in the big-money transfer market....but there was a time when it counted its cash not in thousands of pounds but in pence and shillings.

A band of youngsters, most of whom were Old Wigglestonians, formed the club in 1884. They did it by putting ninepence each into the kitty to buy a football.

With the aid of a carpenter who was paid after a further ninepence-a-man levy, the club managed to raise a rough set of goalposts.

All it needed was a name. Since most of the players lived in the west end of Leicester, in the neighbourhood of the old Roman fosse, the new football team called itself Leicester Fosse.

It is amusing in these days of astronomical transfer fees—City itself paid about £30,000 for one player, Andy Gray, in 1954—to recall that at the end of its first season Leicester Fosse had a credit balance of 1s. 10d.

In 1888-89 the team had to move when its Begrave pitch was taken over by Leicester Rugby Club, but the soccer side found a new ground at Victoria Park. In its first season the club played in the F.A. Cup competition and the following year entered the Midland League.

£600 In The Red

The 1890's were not so gay for Leicester Fosse. In 1894, the club was admitted to the second division of the Football League, but during the next few years it went up and down the division like a yo-yo.

In 1900-01, a bid to get into the first division cost the club so much it ended the season £600 in the red.

Leicester did win promotion to the first division in 1909 but could not stand the pace and went straight down again. The club had to wait until 1925 before it again won promotion. Then, it entered Division One under its new name of Leicester City.

The Leicester team has a habit of upsetting its fans just when it seems in for a good run. In 1928, City finished third to Everton in the first division and the following year was runner-up to Sheffield Wednesday.

Season 1933-34, when it reached the semi-final of the Cup for the first time, was one of its best.

But after that period of success, the Leicester team slumped badly and in 1935 was relegated. In 1937, it fought its way back again, then, just before World War Two was re-legaled once more. That up-and-down pattern has been followed in the post-war years.

A dynamic Scot, Johnny Duncan, became manager and gathered around him a host of clever young players, among them Ken Charlton, Don Revie and Mal Griffiths.

Duncan, who had been reared in the Alex. James school of football—he played alongside James when both were with Rotherham—decided that the

old style of cultured passing was the recipe for success.

In 1947-48 the team was in the running for promotion. The following season it almost slipped out of the second division into the third.

Yet, incredibly, City reached the Cup Final that year, for the first time in its club's history. Wolves won the Cup 3-1, but it was a wonderful achievement for the Midland team to have reached Wembley.

New Stars

New stars like Johnny Morris and Jack Froggatt came to Leicester to link up with fine players like Derek Hogg and Arthur Rowley.

The new manager, Norman Bullock, started the football world by announcing that his players were being given oxygen at half-time to stimulate them.

Arguments were started for and against the advisability of footballers taking whiffs of oxygen and how long the effects of the gas lasted, but in 1954 City won promotion—only to drop back yet again in the very next year.

SPORTS QUIZ

1. Which jockey recently won the Derby for the fourth time?
2. Which country won the first Canada Cup golf tournament in 1953?
3. Who is the new British and Empire heavyweight boxing champion?
4. Which two tennis players have twice reached the Wimbledon men's singles final since the war but have never won the title?
5. What do sprinters Melvin Patton, James Golliday, Dave Sims and Bobby Morrow have in common?
6. Which sportsman has represented England at both cricket and rugby since the war?
7. With which sports do you associate these terms: (a) googy, (b) home run, (c) Carmody field.
8. Who holds the Olympic record for: (a) 5,000 metres, (b) marathon, (c) 10,000 metres?
9. How many times has Sugar Ray Robinson won the world middleweight title?
10. "Slanted as caddie at age of eleven... professional at 17... biggest money maker in American tournaments in 1945-46-47... film of his life called Follow The Sun." What's the name?

(Answers on page 19)

SYDNEY IS ON HER WAY BACK

A Fine Example Of Perseverance



Striking out again for international form is 16-year-old swimmer SYDNEY REDWOOD of Walsall, seen in this new action picture during training at Blackpool baths.

A year ago, Sydney was on her way to becoming an automatic choice for England, for whom she swam three times.

Then last April, she fell ill with a throat ailment and was ordered by her doctor to stop training.

Recovered, she plunged into full training but tied for fifth place in the 110 yards freestyle final at the national trials and failed to make the England team for the Empire Games.

But since the trials she has recorded the fast time of 61.4 seconds for the 100 yards and every day at 7 a.m. she is training in Walsall under the supervision of her mother (the former Edna Hughes) who represented Great Britain in two Olympics.

Now she is hoping to do well enough in the Midland Championships at Derby and the National Championships at Blackpool in August to win back her place in the National team for the European Games in Budapest and perhaps, for the 1960 Olympic Games.—Reuter Photo.

No Time To Sit Says Drobny

When Jaroslav Drobny arrived for his 1954 Wimbledon singles final a ticket spiv offered to sell him a seat. "No thanks, I won't have time to sit," said Drob.

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PROFESSIONALISM IN HONGKONG FOOTBALL

FIFA May Or May Not Start Investigation But When It Does

By I. M. MACTAVISH

The news earlier this week that the local Olympic Committee had decided to pass the question of professionalism in Hongkong football over to FIFA has set many people wondering, hoping and speculating.

Make no mistake about it. FIFA is a powerful organisation. It has shown very clearly in recent years that it is both willing to help and capable of handling complicated international problems tactfully. It has, however, also shown a readiness to deal ruthlessly with proved offenders and, so great is its influence, that its grip on the game is now rather frightening . . . but, as far as the innocent are concerned, reassuring.

Several attempts have been made in the years gone by to probe the allegations that our local players receive financial rewards. It is a thousand pities that some of the people who are now most actively engaged in forcing the issue to the surface did not show the same enthusiasm for the task when they had both the information and the official backing to make it effective.

One well-known local soccer official said to me the other evening that FIFA would fall in any investigation it saw fit to start in exactly the same way as other bodies have failed in the past. That is always a possibility, but what should not be overlooked is that the reverse is also a possibility, and if that happens popularity, position, power and plenty will not save the situation.

Football folks in Britain spent years telling the world about the corruption in her football and assuring all and sundry that it would never be pinned down.

Bombshell

In spite of bitter allegations and acrimony it looked as though the gossip was right and then suddenly like a shot from the blue, came the Sunderland bombshell which shook English soccer to its very roots.

The penalties doled out to the guilty offenders on both the playing and administrative staff, and to the club as an organisation, are too well known to need repeating. The Leyton Orient case got the same publicity.

Next came news of similar happenings in Germany, France and Italy and folks began to realise that while you may fool some of the people all of the time it is most unlikely you can fool all of them all the time.

If FIFA decides to carry the present situation to its logical conclusion it will strip our football bare. In order to get the information it needs to confirm or refute the charges which have been made. If the punt is any indication of present practice FIFA will not delegate the inquiry to a local group but will appoint an international panel to do the probing.

It will be a panel with wide powers and with no other purpose than to get at the truth. However, speculation at this stage is unreliable. We must leave developments . . . and their consequences . . . to the future.

While standing outside the main entrance to the Hongkong Stadium the other evening I got into conversation with a gentleman who, like me, had gone along to see the Indonesians in action. We talked of many soccer subjects and then he made the sort of remark that one hears from time to time in the Colony. He said "Well now that the season is virtually over I suppose we shall soon be seeing the real fireworks . . . and the yearly battle for personal power."

I don't know whether he made the remarks against the background of well-gathered in-

formation, or whether he was merely being speculative. Which ever was the case I wonder if he knew how near he was to the truth.

Behind the apparently tranquil scenes of our end-of-season soccer there has been a bitter struggle going on for various important positions within the Football Association next season.

With our extended season we have been carried almost to the eve of the Annual General Meeting, and let me assure you that no Parliamentary election has ever been carried out with more fury or stealth, than the campaigning for votes at the present time.

Qualifications for particular jobs are completely unimportant and the electioneering is being conducted from a hidden platform with an invisible banner which states "See me in and I'll see you alright."

Battle For Power

Battle for power it is, indeed, and I have read several letters, written by individuals who hope to be important HKFA councillors, extolling their personal attributes and assuring the recipients that the writer is definitely the best man to serve their interests.

I wish I could agree with some of the personal assessments which these people have of their worth to football. By the way not all of these letters have been in English and it is true that the text could gain or lose something in translation, but the theme is the same in all of them.

From those who believe themselves to be in the know I have received a note of three names which I am told will definitely top the poll in the choice of President, Chairman, and representative of the Junior clubs at the AGM. They make interesting reading even if they would disappoint some of those who have been prolific letter writers in recent weeks.

The hullabaloo which greeted the referee's decision to abandon Wednesday's Governors' Cup Final at half-time took a lot of understanding. Only soccer

radicals could have stated a serious case for the game to go on. Conditions were shocking and although personally I have seen football played in worse conditions I cannot think of one genuine argument, as to why this particular game should have been allowed to proceed.

A Real Grouse

The only people with a real grouse were the players who had been required to battle their way through a gruelling first half for nothing . . . and, of the two competing teams, the HKFA eleven were further entitled to have bitter feelings as they had done an excellent job in establishing a two-goal lead.

I am all for sentiment as long as it does not influence normal good judgment and I tip the MacTavish topper to the man with the whistle who had the courage to call a halt when he must have been well aware that he would bring at least one side of the house down about his head.

The willingness or desire of players to play on was not really a criterion and, while their enthusiasm earns nothing but appreciation, it was right that it should not be allowed to interfere with the referee's judgment as to when the count and when he could not administer the laws of the game as they ought to be administered. On Wednesday night many of the vital lines on the pitch were completely lost under a layer of muddy water several inches deep. In such conditions the referee's decisions would have been guess work and no trophy, and certainly not one as important as the Governor's Cup, should be won, or lost, on that.

Pity The Referee

I don't think it matters two hoots that other games have been played in worse conditions either here or elsewhere. There were two local outbursts in the recent past when referees allowed play to proceed in conditions which resulted in damage to the playing surface. The cry then was that it should not be allowed to happen again. It seems that the

Last Saturday's Error

The sense of a large part of my article last Saturday was destroyed due to an unfortunate slip in the final preparation of the article for printing.

I know that some keen enthusiasts managed to piece it together and so re-established the original context.

The human error is always liable to happen. I only hope it didn't confuse you too much.

I. M. MACTAVISH.

referee can never be right. If he allows play to proceed his decision is a bad one; if he stops play it is also wrong: woe is me . . . pity the referee!! Incidentally the whistle did not dispense every once on Wednesday I'm told the Chinese players thought his judgment was excellent. Well, they might too for if ever a team was on a hiding to nothing it was the C.A.F. side. Oh, and I would like to contradict a current rumour that the crowd was controlled by the Marine Police. It isn't true. Eastern Division were on the job as usual.

★ ★ ★

I have always believed that the entry of a team into a competition is an indication that it is willing to accept the rules which govern participation together with the rewards or consequences involved.

The attitude here towards promotion and relegation is a case where it would seem that some clubs regard both rules with diffidence and are prepared to oppose either if they should happen to qualify for elevation on the one hand or down grading on the other.

It is now being freely and openly discussed in the Colony that, quite apart from the fact that Hongkong Football Club is striving to move the big drop into the Second Division, some of the successful sides in the lower sections of the League are expressing a desire to remain where they are and not accept the promotion which their success has won for them.

Conflicting

Many conflicting principles are involved in decisions of this kind and it is difficult to generalise but roughly it means that other willing sides who have probably just been thwarted for promotion have lost a chance which they might never get again . . . while the unsuccessful sides in the higher sphere are released from the obligations of their failure.

The persistent rumour that one of the successful Second Division teams will not accept promotion has aroused a certain amount of hostility in some sections of the community and officials of other Second Division clubs have expressed dissatisfaction with such a decision if, in fact, such a decision has been made.

Where Should The 1962 Empire Games Be Held?

Where should the VIIIth British Empire and Commonwealth Games be held in 1962?

This is the chief question to be answered when the Games Federation meets in full session at Cardiff in July. It may not be solved so easily as in 1954 when Wales was allocated the Games by a unanimous vote.

So far, the Games have been held in Canada (twice), England, Australia and New Zealand. This time the strongest claim to be the host country is likely to come from Australia. In 1938, the Games were held at Sydney. It is learnt that both Perth and Adelaide wish to have the honour.

INDIA?

India, who has taken part in the Games since 1934, may also make a claim. But she will have to give evidence that there will be satisfactory facilities and financial backing for such a project.

Here the Indians may run into difficulty. Although India has a huge population, comparatively few people take part in sport because of religious and social barriers.

NIGERIA?

Nigeria also hopes to stage the Games in the future. The Federal Government has been asked to provide £1,330,000 to build a national stadium in Lagos.

This project is being promoted by the National Stadium Board, which has presented detailed plans for a stadium suitable for holding the Empire Games.

Sports Diary

TODAY

Stanley Shield, Seven-A-Side Tournament, HKFC, 8 p.m.
Cricket
University of Malaya v HKCU
Alumni XI, Pokfulam, 2 p.m.
Bowls
1st Division: CCC v KCC, HKC v KCC v KCC v KCC
2nd Division: FC v PFC, HKC v HKC v HKC v HKC
3rd Division: CCC v PFC, HKC v HKC v HKC v HKC
4th Division: CCC v PFC, HKC v HKC v HKC v HKC

WORLD OF SPORT

MOTOR RACING GETS A SHOT IN THE ARM IN THE FORM OF A RUSSIAN ENTRY

By DEREK JOHN

At the crucial moment motor racing gets a shot in the arm—in the form of a Russian entry in the Italian Grand Prix at Monza in September. This will be the first time the Russians have competed in international motor racing.

With works-sponsored entries on the decline, motor racing is crying out for new blood. For though the supply of works teams is short, the demand continues to grow as more and more fans are attracted to this exciting sport.

How good are the Russian cars? Says Joe Bacigalupo, of the Italian Automobile Club, "I hear they have made Sputnik-like progress with their new Grand Prix cars."

This Italian Grand Prix entry is a preliminary for Russia's all-out assault next year on the world's top motoring prizes. They will compete in a series of international races.

After the international meeting at Silverstone last month, Mr Leonid Afanassiev, Russia's motor-racing boss, said he would bring his sports and racing models to Silverstone next year.—London Express.

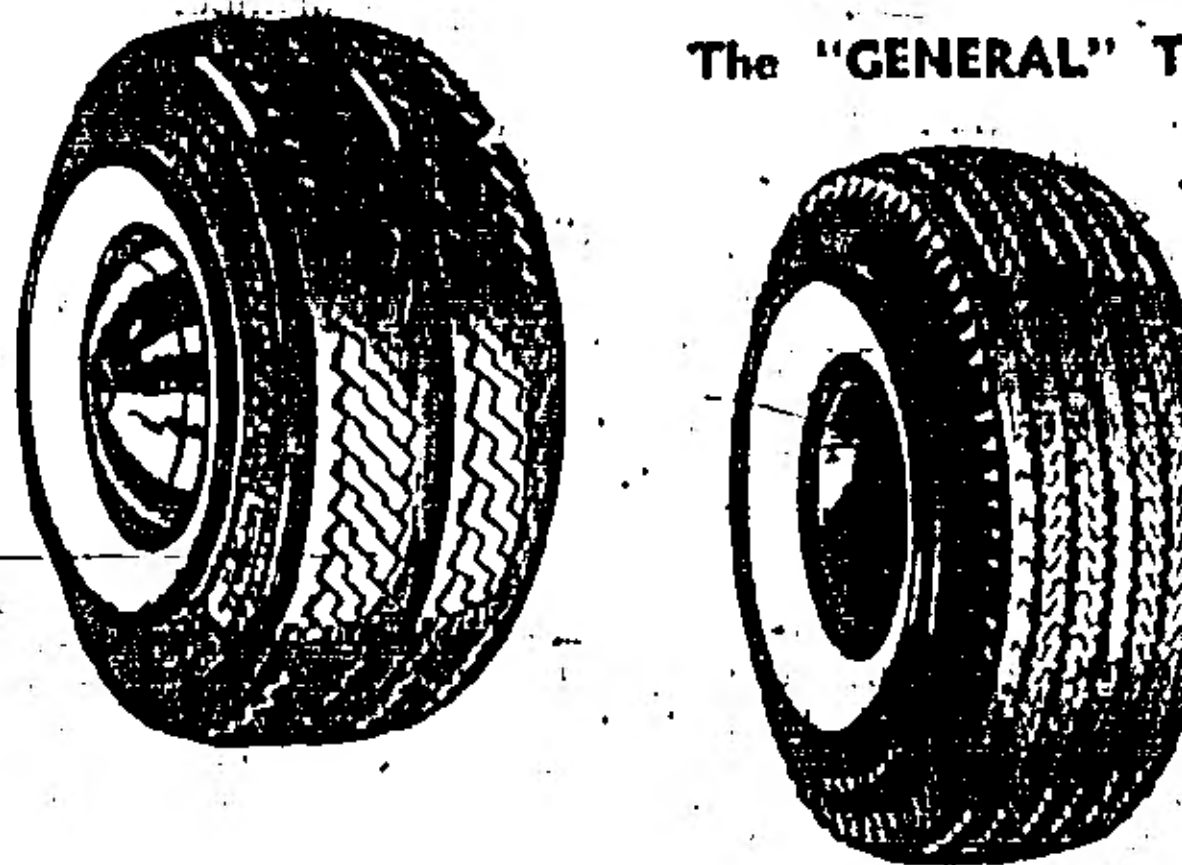


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THE WEEKEND GAMBOLS By Barry Appleby



Time on your hands . . .



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Answers To Sports Quiz

1. Charlie Smirke.
2. Argentina.
3. Brian London.
4. Kurt Nielsen and Ken Rose-wall.
5. All have run 100 yards in 9.3 sec.
6. Mike Smith.
7. (a) Cricket. (b) Baseball. (c) Cricket.
8. (a) Vladimir Kuts. (b) Emil Zátopek. (c) Vladimir Kuts.
9. Five.
10. Ben Hogan.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1958.

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Tennis On The Centre Pond FIVE DAYS RAIN AT WORST EVER WIMBLEDON WEEK

By Aubrey Higgs

London, June 27.
Wimbledon's lawn tennis fortnight, famed for its glorious weather in the past, looks this year like being one of the wettest on record. For the fifth successive day of the championships there were showers, grey skies and cold winds today, and play was frequently held up.

Traditionally one of the season's most fashionable events, Wimbledon this week has presented a sombre scene with the usually chic creations giving way to umbrellas, mackintoshes and warm coats.

But such is its magnetic appeal that attendance figures are not greatly down on previous years despite the bleak conditions.

Play began 70 minutes late today because of persistent drizzle.

Seeded Barry MacKay, 6ft. 4in. American, said he suffered about the centre court in an uphill third round struggle against burly Bob Mark of Australia.

MacKay took half a dozen tumblers during the first two sets and frequently scowled at the elements as he attempted to keep his feet. He lost the first set 4-6 and was level 8-8 in the second, after missing a set point in the 10th game, when the match was halted for a second time.

Play In Bare Feet

MacKay's 44-year-old compatriot Gardner Mulloy, the most experienced campaigner at Wimbledon, played the second set of his match in bare feet.

He lost the first set 6-3 against another American Mike Green, but then off came his shoes and socks and he won the second set 6-4 before padding back to the dressing room through the rain.

The remaining eight third round matches in the men's event and seven in the women's singles were to have been completed today. But four hours after play should have begun, only one singles match had been decided.

In this, Australian left hander Neale Fraser, seeded number four, easily defeated Antonio Manguerra of Italy, 6-0, 6-4, 6-3 and qualified to meet Pierre Darmon, of France, for a place among the last eight.

Fraser kept his feet better on the treacherous surface and carried too much all round power for the Italian.

Colonel John Legg, the championships referee, said: "This is the worst ever start to

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This Funny World



"Remember—this is my mother's idea.
I have nothing against you personally."

Cricket Has Become A Game For Ducks RAIN KILLS PLAY SURREY TOPPLES

London, June 27.
Hampshire displaced Surrey at the top of the English County Cricket Championship table today when they beat Glamorgan by an innings and two runs in the only county match in which play was possible. Rain washed out all others.

On a damp and badly worn pitch at Neath (Glamorgan's Ground) Hampshire declared at their overnight total of 120 for six giving them a lead of only 48.

But then they shot out Glamorgan for 46 with Derek Shackleton taking six for 20 and Malcolm three for 21.

Shackleton, who claimed three for 28 in Glamorgan's first innings of 72 had a match analysis of nine for 48.

Heath returned a match analysis of ten for 67.

Now Hampshire with 92 points from 12 games are four ahead of Surrey who have played one game less.

Surrey six times county champions in succession met Hampshire at Guildford Surrey tomorrow if the weather permits.

Six Inches Of Water

Conditions are so bad at Cricketers where the Essex versus Leicestershire match was abandoned that it is unlikely there will be any play tomorrow in the match between Essex and Nottinghamshire. Water was six inches deep in parts of the pitch.

The bad weather so far this season has cost county cricket clubs an estimated £20,000 in gate receipts.

Worst sufferers are Lancashire who are £7,000 down on last season, while two other northern counties Derbyshire and Yorkshire each estimate their losses at about £5,000.

The weather position was neatly summed up by Mr. J. H. Phillips, Manager of the New Zealand touring team. When announcing today the side to play Yorkshire tomorrow he joked: "Our selection has been based on the ability of the players to swim and not play cricket."—Reuter.

Miners Trapped

Tagawa Mine 28.
Twenty-four miners were trapped in water-filled Moto-soeda colliery near here on Friday and rescue squads are battling desperately to get to them.

Up to early this morning they had failed to make contact and hope was dwindling that the trapped men were still alive.—U. P. I.

More Filter Tips

Washington, June 27.
The U.S. cigarette industry is enjoying a boom despite the cancer scare, but more people than ever are using filter tips.

The Agriculture Department today estimated cigarette output for the year ending this June 30 at 446 billion—some 12 billion or 2.8 per cent above fiscal 1957.—U. P. I.

DE GAULLE'S PLEA TO FRENCH PEOPLE.

'Our Three Big Problems'

Paris, June 27.
Gen. Charles de Gaulle appealed to the French nation tonight to help him to solve three major problems: Algeria, a wavering economy, and governmental reform.

"Frenchwomen, Frenchmen, help me!" he pleaded at the end of his 1,000 word broadcast.

De Gaulle, who assumed the Premier's post on June 1, began his speech on an encouraging note.

"France's problems are difficult, but yesterday they seemed impossible," he began.

Progress

"Today that is not the case. Is that not progress?"

"For the present, three problems dominate our situation: Algeria, financial and economic equilibrium, the reform of the state. In these domains, we are climbing up from the depths."

"But I now believe that before the end of the year we will have greatly advanced on the good path."

De Gaulle called once more for the co-operation of Algerian rebels in determining Algeria's future.

Conditions

"France wants to fix the conditions of Algeria's future with the Algerians themselves. Let them then make their voices heard. That of the guns is sterile."

The general referred to his plans for a single electoral college in Algeria "where the vote of each will count as much as that of the others."

He declared, yesterday, this was inconceivable.

De Gaulle asserted that 1958 "opens the road of hope for Algeria."—U. P. I.

All For A Good Cause

London, June 27.
A 63-year-old woman was fined £125 sterling here today for running a high-class brothel in her £15,000 sterling home to help pay her income tax.

Mrs Jessie Margaret Featherstonhaugh pleaded guilty to keeping a brothel in fashionable south Kensington where the court was told she had catered for "specially selected clients, mostly society people and wealthy businessmen. Clients normally called by appointment to see the girls. On other occasions some men brought their own girls."

Mrs Featherstonhaugh told the court: "I have found it difficult to pay my income tax."—China Mail Special.

Polish Diplomat Robbed

Washington, June 27.
Three men early today forced the First Secretary of the Polish Embassy into a car, robbed him and then pushed him out of the car into a stream, police said.

Police said the diplomat, Mr. Marian Dobrosielski, was robbed of \$25 by the men who also took his watch and a belt.—Reuter.

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NOTICE

BANK—HOLIDAY

The Exchange Banks will be
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1st July 1958 (The first week-
day in July).

Hongkong, 28th June, 1958.

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